



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

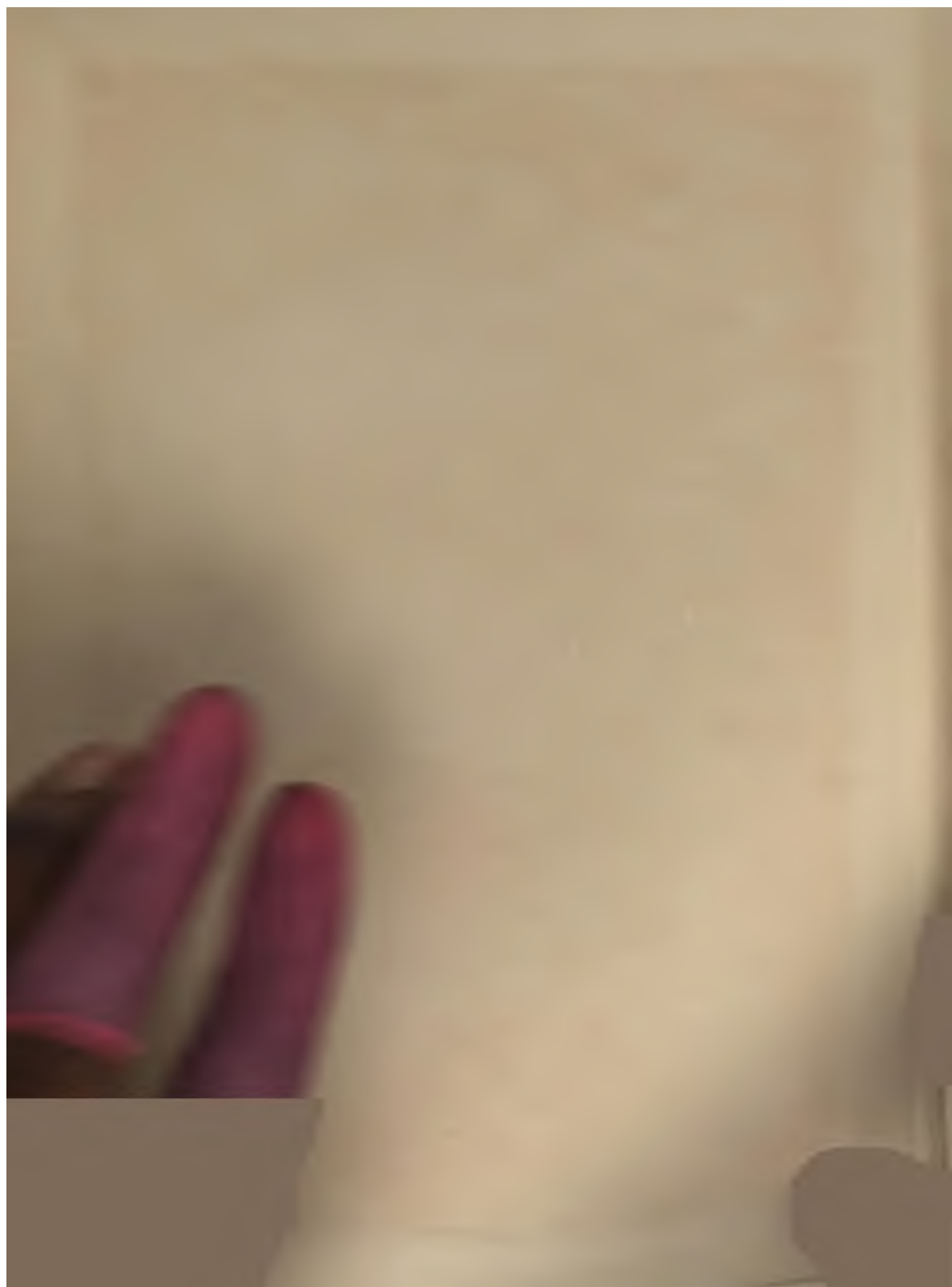
POEMS.

Noted Privately Printed. Bought from J.S. Cox, Literary Reprints 2/1965, no. 388



600028317R

280 d. 895



1



POEMS.

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM HENRY TUCKER.

“To have together held that aching head,
To have together heard that piteous moan,
To have together knelt beside that bed,
When life was flitting, and when life had flown—

“Oh ! more than this, yet holier bonds there are,
For we his spirit shall to ours feel nigh,
And know he lives, whenever we in prayer
Hold with Heaven's saintly throng communion high.”
TRENCH.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

(PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.)

1879.



CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

"'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night ;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone !

"Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day ;
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away."

BLAIR.

In Loving Memory

OF

A BRAVE, REVERENT, AND UNSELFISH MAN,
WHO WAS BY THE GRACE OF GOD
WISE, YET HUMBLE ; STRONG, YET GENTLE ;
WHOSE HIGHEST VIRTUES WERE KNOWN ONLY
TO HIS WIFE AND HIS CHILDREN ;
WHO LIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD HERE,
AND PASSING THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH,
NOW LIVETH UNTO GOD FOR EVERMORE :
THESE, HIS OWN THOUGHTS,
ARE DEDICATED BY HIS DAUGHTER
TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THAT LITTLE CIRCLE
WHERE HE WAS BEST KNOWN, BEST LOVED,
AND IS DEEPLY MISSED.

LUCY MACKAY.

TROWBRIDGE,
Christmas, 1879.

CONTENTS.

	DATE.	PAGE
* * * *	Whitsuntide, 1830 . . .	1
* * * *	January, 1831	3
* * * *	March, 1831	4
Lines supposed to be written by George		
Watson Taylor, Esq., M.P., in his		
retirement at the Hague	* *	5
Written in Miss Child's Album.	February 6th, 1833 . . .	7
Sonnet	October 9th, 1834 . . .	8
Sonnet	October 24th, 1834 . . .	9
Sonnet	November 14th, 1834 . . .	9
Sonnet	November 24th, 1834 . . .	10
Good Friday	April 17th, 1835	11
Sonnet	May 9th, 1835	11
To a Friend, upon his making a Pro-		
fession of Religion	June 5th, 1835	12
* * * *	March 22nd, 1836	13
Good Friday.	April 1st, 1836	14
* * * *	April 6th, 1836	15
After a Night's Toothache	April 13th, 1836	15
* * * *	April 30th, 1836	16
Farewell to May	May 30th, 1836	17
* * * *	June 21st, 1836	17
* * * *	June 28th, 1836	18
* * * *	August 24th, 1836	19
* * * *	August 25th, 1836	19
* * * *	October 15th, 1836	20
Hymn for a Sunday School Anniversary	November, 1836	21
Thoughts suggested by the intended		
erection of a new Church in Trow-		
bridge	November, 1836	22

	DATE.	PAGE
* * * * *	December, 1836 . . .	24
Good Friday	March 24th, 1837 . .	25
* * * * *	April, 1837	25
* * * * *	May 27th, 1837 . . .	26
Lines by the View of a fine Landscape near Chapmanslade, May 29th . .	June 16th, 1837 . . .	26
On King William the Fourth . . .	July 8th, 1837 . . .	29
* * * * *	July 17th, 1837 . . .	29
The Men of Trowbridge and Sir Francis Burdett	August 11th, 1837 . .	30
The Grand Dinner appointed to take place at Devizes, September 19th, 1837	September 4th, 1837 .	31
Written on hearing an Account of the Grand Dinner	September 17th, 1837 .	33
The Church	October 8th, 1837 . .	35
Impromptu, on hearing of the Enthu- siastic Reception of the Queen in the City	November 10th, 1837 .	39
Good Friday	April 13th, 1838 . . .	40
On reading the Lines addressed by the Poet Campbell to Sir F. Burdett in 1832	* *	40
A Fragment	August, 1838	42
Lines written on the Leaf of a Prayer- book, in Wingfield Church, respect- fully inscribed to the Rev. — Spencer, October 31st, 1836	November 16th, 1838 .	45
Reflections	December 12th, 1838 .	47
On the Death of L. E. L.	January 6th, 1839 . .	48
On the Death of Colonel Houlton . .	February, 1839 . . .	49
A True Tale, addressed to an aged Spinster in low spirits	March 10th, 1839 . . .	50
* * * * *	March 14th, 1839 . . .	54
Good Friday	March 29th, 1839 . . .	55
To a Conservative Hairdresser . . .	* *	55
On hearing of the wonderful exploits of the Chartists at Devizes, and the magnanimity and courage displayed by their Leaders	* *	57
Written on a Sunday Afternoon . . .	April 21st, 1839 . . .	60

CONTENTS.

xi

	DATE.	PAGE
Lines written under a Poem of Mr. J. Offer's, descriptive of the Second Day's Tour, in August, 1838 . . .	April 24th, 1839 . . .	61
Composed in Bed on May Morning . . .	May 1st, 1839 . . .	62
On the Same Occasion	May 1st, 1839 . . .	62
* * * * *	May 6th, 1839 . . .	63
On being obliged to attend as Special Constable in the Market Place . . .	May 8th, 1839 . . .	64
* * * * *	May 9th, 1839 . . .	64
To the Police and Special Constables . . .	May 13th, 1839 . . .	65
In the Course of my Annual Walk . . .	May 17th, 1839 . . .	66
Lines addressed to a Christian Minister after his final retirement from his duties, on account of severe and in- curable disease	May 18th, 1839 . . .	66
Written in Bed at the Star Hotel, Bristol	June 6th, 1839 . . .	69
A Lament	June, 1839 . . .	69
* * * * *	July 8th, 1839 . . .	72
* * * * *	July 11th, 1839 . . .	73
* * * * *	July 18th, 1839 . . .	74
* * * * *	July 23rd, 1839 . . .	74
* * * * *	July 23rd, 1839 . . .	75
To a Friend unduly elevated in pros- perity	October 17th, 1839 . .	76
* * * * *	October 26th, 1839 . .	77
* * * * *	November 4th, 1839 . .	78
* * * * *	November 16th, 1839 .	79
Autumnal Readings	* * . . .	79
On Occasion of the Revival Meeting held to commemorate the re-opening of the Tabernacle	November 19th, 1839 .	80
Earthly Ambition	* * . . .	80
Lines addressed to the Emblematical Figure on the cover of "Blackwood's Magazine," on reading the article "Queen Argeous," in the November number	* * . . .	83
For Good Friday	April 5th and 14th, 1840	84
Supposed to be written by a Sick Person on a December day, in view of a clump of trees in a churchyard	April 14th, 1840 . . .	85

	DATE.	PAGE
* * * * *	May, 1840.	86
Hymns sung at Tabernacle by the Sunday School Children	May, 1840	86
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1840	88
Forget Thee ! for G. N. H.	* *	88
Good Friday	April 9th, 1841	90
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1841	90
Lines for the Nomination of North Wilts, July 9th, 1841	July 5th, 1841	91
The New Marriage Act : the Contrast	July 25th, 1841	92
Good Friday	March 25th, 1842	94
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1842	95
Good Friday	April 14th, 1843	95
* * * * *	May 4th, 1843	97
Concluding Verse of Hymn sung at Tabernacle	May 14th, 1843	97
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1843	98
On the Death of James Day	July 20th, 1843	98
On hearing of a Visit paid by Messrs. Cobden and Bright to a beautiful district in the South of England, August 31st, 1843	* *	99
On Diplock entering into Business as a Bookseller	January 15th, 1844	102
Good Friday	April 5th, 1844	104
Verses of a Hymn sung at the Tabernacle	April 28th, 1844.	105
On the Sudden Death of W. Stancomb, Esq.	May 2nd, 1844	105
To a Friend	May 8th, 1844	106
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1844	107
Thoughts in Advent	* *	107
Good Friday	March 21st, 1845	108
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1845	109
Good Friday	April 10th, 1846	110
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1846	111
An intercepted Epistle from the Rev. W. Barnes to Jesse Gouldsmith, Esq.	December 18th, 1846	112
On the late Murder of a young Gentleman in Ireland	February 24th, 1847	114
Good Friday	April 2nd, 1847	117

CONTENTS.

xiii

	DATE.	PAGE
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1847 . . .	117
On my Annual Walk	May 17th, 1848 . . .	118
Lines written in Trowbridge Church . .	June 23rd, 1848 . . .	119
Lines written on seeing an Excursion Train pass on Sunday Morning . . .	September 22nd, 1850 .	120
Lines suggested by the sight of a fine sunset behind the Malvern Hills . .	May 1st, 1851 . . .	122
To Emily	* * . . .	123
Emily's farewell to Bradley	* * . . .	123
Written in Gloucester to Emily . . .	Sunday, 1851 . . .	124
Written at York, Sunday	March 2nd, 1857 . . .	126
To Emily	* * . . .	128
Lines written at Hastings	* * . . .	129
A farewell to the old "Blind House," Trowbridge, by "Bill Sykes" . . .	* * . . .	129
Sonnet	* * . . .	131
Sonnet	* * . . .	131
"Not to-day"	August 24th, 1853 . .	132
The Departure for the Bradley Tea- party	* * . . .	133
The Departure for the Bradley Tea- party	* * . . .	135
At Reading	July 28th, 1857 . . .	137
* * *	March 31st, 1858 . . .	139
To my Brother	May, 1858	139
* * *	July, 1858	140
* * *	July, 1858	140
On Stafford Castle	August, 1858	141
* * *	October, 1858	141
On hearing the Reverend Angell James preach	November, 1858 . . .	142
Dover	December, 1858 . . .	142
Splendid Poem, composed between Liverpool and Leeds	December, 1858 . . .	142
* * *	July, 1859	143
St. Stephen's Church, Trowbridge . .	* * . . .	144
In Memoriam	* * . . .	144
* * *	July 8th, 1859 . . .	145
* * *	September 10th, 1860 .	145
Sonnet	* * . . .	146
Old Noll	* * . . .	147

	DATE	PAGE
Thoughts on the proposed Commemora- tion of 1662	• • . . .	148
Recollections of a Visit to Newstoke Church, Somerset	• • . . .	148
	August 4th, 1862 . . .	152
The pious Butcher's Perplexity . . .	September 30th, 1862 .	153
The Woollen Aristocracy of Yorkshire	August, 1864	154
South Coast	June, 1867	155
Death	May, 1874	156

WHITSUNTIDE.

1830.

O H! what a restless wretch am I,
I long to lay me down and die,
And free my wearied soul.
My course in life is almost past,
My mis'ries can't much longer last,
I soon shall reach the goal.

I feel Consumption's icy sway
Consume my health and strength away,
And bear me to my tomb.
No sorrows are remember'd there,
No anguish deep, or dark despair,
Can pierce beyond its gloom.

My life has been a dreadful round,
And scarce a gleam of joy I found
In all this waste below.

For dire Misfortune's sickly ray
Has worn my earthly joys away,
And weighs me down with woe.

No wonder, then, with joy I hail
The thought that turns the happy pale
Of fast approaching death ;
With calm complacency I feel
The fated languor o'er me steal,
And glad resign my breath.

• • • • •

Strange that such lovely guide should trace
The way to such a gloomy place,
But the dark room to which she led
Seem'd like the chamber of the dead :
Black spiders from the ceiling leapt,
And snails along the wainscot crept.

Instant we shudd'ring turn'd away
From these cold reeking walls of clay,
And soon, beneath the same escortment,
We reach'd a more genteel apartment,
Where, ere our hunger disappear'd,
We twice the groaning table clear'd.

Then wander'd forth, at listless pace,
To seek the lions of the place,
Few lions they—a beldame old,
With wizard's hat and chin of scold,

Form'd, as she spurr'd her donkey brown,
The chief attraction of the town.

Leaving this interesting sight,
We climb'd a hill's adjacent height.
On its tall brow, 'mid cypress bowers,
A church uprear'd its massy towers,
And thither as our footsteps drew,
Wild the unbounded prospect grew.

• • • • •

'Tis true I fondly loved thee once,—
I own it with regret,—
I'm grieved my heart should e'er be caught
In such a worthless net.
I loved thee for thy beauty's sake,
I look'd not to the mind,
Nor thought to find in that sweet form
Folly and pride combined.

I thought the lustre of thy brow
An emblem of thy heart,
And when thy love my bosom pain'd
I gloried in the smart.
I loved the roses on thy cheek,
I loved thy clustering hair,
I had been happy if thy soul
Had been but half as fair.

'Tis over now,—thy image haunts
My troubled path no more,

	DATE.	PAGE
Thoughts on the proposed Commemora- tion of 1662	* *	148
Recollections of a Visit to Newstoke Church, Somerset	* *	148
* * * *	August 4th, 1862	152
The pious Butcher's Perplexity	September 30th, 1862	153
The Woollen Aristocracy of Yorkshire	August, 1864	154
South Coast	June, 1867	155
Death	May, 1874	156

WHITSUNTIDE.

1830.

O H! what a restless wretch am I,
I long to lay me down and die,
And free my wearied soul.
My course in life is almost past,
My mis'ries can't much longer last,
I soon shall reach the goal.

I feel Consumption's icy sway
Consume my health and strength away,
And bear me to my tomb.
No sorrows are remember'd there,
No anguish deep, or dark despair,
Can pierce beyond its gloom.

My life has been a dreadful round,
And scarce a gleam of joy I found
In all this waste below.

For dire Misfortune's sickly ray
Has worn my earthly joys away,
And weighs me down with woe.

No wonder, then, with joy I hail
The thought that turns the happy pale
Of fast approaching death ;
With calm complacency I feel
The fated languor o'er me steal,
And glad resign my breath.

• • • • •

Strange that such lovely guide should trace
The way to such a gloomy place,
But the dark room to which she led
Seem'd like the chamber of the dead :
Black spiders from the ceiling leapt,
And snails along the wainscot crept.

Instant we shudd'ring turn'd away
From these cold reeking walls of clay,
And soon, beneath the same escortment,
We reach'd a more genteel apartment,
Where, ere our hunger disappear'd,
We twice the groaning table clear'd.

Then wander'd forth, at listless pace,
To seek the lions of the place,
Few lions they—a beldame old,
With wizard's hat and chin of scold,

Form'd, as she spurr'd her donkey brown,
The chief attraction of the town.

Leaving this interesting sight,
We climb'd a hill's adjacent height.
On its tall brow, 'mid cypress bowers,
A church uprear'd its massy towers,
And thither as our footsteps drew,
Wild the unbounded prospect grew.

• • • • •

'Tis true I fondly loved thee once,—
I own it with regret,—
I'm grieved my heart should e'er be caught
In such a worthless net.
I loved thee for thy beauty's sake,
I look'd not to the mind,
Nor thought to find in that sweet form
Folly and pride combined.

I thought the lustre of thy brow
An emblem of thy heart,
And when thy love my bosom pain'd
I gloried in the smart.
I loved the roses on thy cheek,
I loved thy clustering hair,
I had been happy if thy soul
Had been but half as fair.

'Tis over now,—thy image haunts
My troubled path no more,

And with indifference I view
 What once I could adore.
 Calm reason has within my heart
 Resumed her sober sway,
 And driven from my chasten'd heart
 Such foolish love away.

Thy bitterest frowns and sweetest smiles
 To me are both the same,
 Thy rank depravity of mind
 Destroys thy beauty's power ;
 'Tis like a loathsome reptile couch'd
 Within a lovely flower.

January, 1831.

* * * * *

Farewell, vain world ! My breaking heart
 Is sinking fast beneath the smart
 Of woes too great to bear.
 Oh, Mary, little did I think,
 Unmourn'd by thee I thus should sink
 A victim to despair !

These lips that oft have drunk from thine
 Celestial draughts of love divine,
 Now drink the dews of death.
 These lips that breathed the ardent vow,
 O'erspread with clammy moisture now,
 Can scarcely draw the breath.

And thou that shouldst have been my bride,
My boasted glory and my pride,
 Oh ! couldst thou see me now !
The quivering lip, the dark'ning eye—
Yes—even *thou* wouldst heave a sigh,
 And mourn thy broken vow.

March, 1831.

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY GEO. WATSON
TAYLOR, ESQ., M. P., IN HIS RETIREMENT
AT THE HAGUE.

O H ! beautiful, enchanting Hague,
 The gorgeous and the proud ;
Nature and Art are here display'd,
 With loving charm endow'd.
Thy lofty palaces their heads
 Rear high in princely pride,
And in their might they seem to say,
 “ We ever shall abide.”

Thy lofty grand cathedrals, which,
In Gothic architecture rich,
Seem, as my eyes their beauty scan,
The works of God and not of man ;

And other structures, rich and grand,
Of all the nobles of the land,
In gay and glittering order rise,
To charm the heart and feast the eyes.

Enough of this : I'm satisfied,
Rich sights of architectural pride
 May charm the soul awhile ;
My satiated sight now turns
To Nature, and with ardour burns
 To wanton in her smile.

I gain the hill and look around,
Beauty and glory without bound
Break forth on my astonish'd gaze,
And, fill'd with wonder and amaze,
Methinks Elysium I behold ;—
The sky's blue ether tinged with gold,
Sinking on yonder mountain's brow,
The waving corn, that waves below
The thick impenetrable glades,—
These one by one I all explore,
And gaze in silence and adore.

'Tis but a momentary calm
 These glorious scenes create,
'Tis but a temporary balm,
 My sorrows to abate.

Oh! Hague, how gladly would I quit
The pleasure of thy seat,
'Neath my own vine once more to sit,
Of my own fig to eat.
I'd scorn thee, Hague, and all thy pride,
And quickly on the swelling tide,
Never to see thee more,
Across the bounding waves I'd flee,
And bid adieu to grief and thee,
To hail my native shore.

FEBRUARY 6TH, 1833.

WRITTEN IN MISS CHILD'S ALBUM.

WHEN children, in the course of time,
To riper years attain,
Of course it cannot be affirm'd
That children they remain.

But you, Miss, even should you live
Till you are old and grey,
Will never cease to be a "child"
Until your wedding day.

So therefore if you doom yourself
An old maid's life to lead,

Determined to your suitors' sighs
And tears to give no heed,

You will a greater wonder be
Than aught in History's page,
And will become in time a "child"
Of sixty years of age.

SONNET.

OCTOBER 9TH, 1834.

IF e'er my soul found favour in thy sight,
Thou God of clear, unspotted purity,
Chase with thy light Divine my soul's dark night,
And cleanse me from this foul iniquity ;
Which haunts my thoughts, and o'er my better mind
Throws the dark mantle of desires unchaste,
While my weak heart, to Heaven and virtue blind,
Seeks for inferior pleasures vile and base.
Even now, whilst with my lifted hands I pray,
With overwhelming force the foe pours in,
Even while I in God's awful presence stay,
He tempts my frightened soul with thoughts of sin.
O! send Thy light Divine, Almighty God !
And cleanse my guilty thoughts, in the Redeemer's
blood !

SONNET.

OCTOBER 24TH, 1834.

THIS is the night the Bradford sages meet
 In all the pomp of philosophic pride.
 See where those worthies guide their sacred feet
 To yonder temple by the water side.
 They take their seats, with looks demure and stern,
 Deep silence reigns unbroken and profound,
 And wrapp'd in more than mortal thoughts they turn
 The ground beneath them into holy ground.
 Meanwhile the orator the rostrum mounts,
 With face of awful length and upturn'd eye,
 Who, rich in treasures from Castilian founts,
 Prepares with great Demosthenes to vie.
 Hark! through the place his pealing voice rebounds,
 Listen in awe! Hell bellows—Earth resounds.

SONNET.

NOVEMBER 14TH, 1834.

GOD of my life! to Thee I raise my song—
 My song of fervent gratitude and praise—
 Oh! still thy loving-kindnesses prolong,
 Still guide me onward, in Thy holy ways.
 No more a willing victim to my fate,
 My mind from vile imaginations free;

The members of my body consecrate
As instruments of righteousness to thee ;
That when the last loud trump shall wake the world,
I may with rapture hail that awful sound,
And 'neath the banners of the Cross unfurl'd
May there amongst Thy chosen ones be found.
While here on earth, still grant me faith and love,
And "purity of mind like those above."

SONNET.

NOVEMBER 24TH, 1834.

IT is a pleasant, but a solemn thought
That man, vain man ! the creature of a day,
A child of earth, and crush'd before the moth,
A subject of corruption and decay,
Should be allow'd to seek his Maker's face,
And hold communion with Him as a friend—
That God who rules through uncreated space,
On whom innumerable worlds depend.
Whene'er Thy sacred footstool I approach,
Almighty Father ! grant me reverence meet !
That I may never thoughtlessly encroach
With thoughts impure or language indiscreet ;
But always at the Throne of Grace appear
With deep humility and holy fear.

GOOD FRIDAY,

APRIL 17TH, 1835.

THIS is the season by the Church ordain'd
His death to hallow Who man's life obtain'd;
 And now let earthly things be laid aside,
 Man's vain desires, his follies, and his pride.
 And thankfulness and gratitude arise
 To Him Who left His dwelling in the skies,
 Our frail and sinful nature to assume,
 And suffer for our sins God's righteous doom.
 Turn, turn, my soul, thy wandering eyes away,
 And to thy view recall that awful day
 When o'er the sun the shades of night were spread,
 And from their tombs the ancient fathers fled,
 On Calvary's hill when rolling thunders peal'd
 And the rent earth the mountains' depths reveal'd.
 Such scenes no more shall this vain world survey
 Until the morning of the Final Day.
 Then with this sacred view before thine eyes,
 In earnest prayer let every thought arise;
 That thou mayst ne'er in dark despair complain,
 The blood of Christ for thee was shed in vain.

SONNET.

MAY 9TH, 1835.

ALMIGHTY Father, to thy guardian care
 Do I commit myself upon this day.

Oh ! may I often lift in earnest prayer
 My heart to Thee while passing on my way ;
 This day let journeying mercies be my lot,
 And oh ! let peace and piety sustain
 My fainting soul, until to-morrow night
 In health and safety I return again.
 O let not soft voluptuousness beguile,
 Nor syren pleasures throw their snare around,
 But may a self-approving conscience smile.
 Oh ! may my steps in Virtue's paths be found,
 My guilty mind with heavenly wisdom bless,
 And my journey meet desired success.

TO A FRIEND,

UPON HIS MAKING A PROFESSION OF RELIGION.

JUNE 5TH, 1835.

O H, blest beyond the reach of earthly thought,
 So early journeying to that happy shore
 Where angels bow before the throne of God,
 And Cherubim and Seraphim adore.
 Already is the important conflict pass'd,
 The world and all its follies cast aside,
 The worthless pleasures of this life exchanged
 For pleasures which at God's right hand abide.
 And as thy path in life runs smoothly on,
 May He who first vouchsafed a heavenly ray,

And taught thy soul the better part to choose,
Still guide thee forward in His holy way.
So when the last dread morning shall appear,
When the Almighty shall in clouds descend,
When from the vault of heaven the stars shall fall,
And mighty hills to their foundations rend,
When the Great Judge shall on His throne be seen,
And earth assembled hear His awful voice,
Thy happy spirit shall these days recall,
And with unbounded gratitude rejoice.
Alas for me ! whom still the world detains
In bondage which my better thoughts detest :
When to the awful Majesty of Heaven
Thy fervent supplications are address,
Remember him who never can forget
Our early friendship first at school begun :
May that same power which led Thee to the Cross
Also constrain my guilty soul to come.

MARCH 22ND, 1836.

AND now again the ever-blushing face
Of glorious summer beams upon the eye,
Again looks forth, rekindling every grace,
And sounding sweetly through the deep blue sky.
Peals forth again the blackbird's minstrelsy,
And on the sunny breeze that skims along,
Passing o'er crystal brooks that murmur by,
Resounds again the thrilling voice of song,

Which mingles with the zephyr's trembling sigh
The fragrance that on beds of roses lie,
And purple vales, and forest-mantled hills,
All echo to the voice of harmony.
Even the rivers on their silver tide,
Bear the sweet voice of music as they glide.

GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 1ST, 1836.

A GAIN the restless wheels of Time
Recall the memory of that day
When the Almighty Prince of Peace
For sinners gave His life away.

When Christ endured the pains of death,
To save us from an endless grave ;
When He resign'd his sacred breath,
To us eternal life He gave.

Yes ! "It is finish'd"—and He bow'd
His head upon the Cross,—and died.
Lo ! darkness veils the drooping sun,
And thunders shake Mount Calvary's side !

See from the tombs the prophets rise !
Hear how the shaking Temple rends !
Such scenes no more shall greet the world,
Till the Almighty Judge descends.

Eternal God ! when Thou shalt come
 Pavilion'd on the clouds of Heaven,
 Grant through the offering of Thy Son,
 That all my sins may be forgiven.

APRIL 6TH, 1836.

WHERE art thou lingering, gentle Spring ? for
 still

Dull Winter doth usurp thy rightful sway,
 And rules with storms each dark, tempestuous day ;
 Still crown'd with snow is yonder distant hill,
 And still the fields lie wrapt in wintry chill ;
 O ! from thy violet bower, sweet Spring, appear,
 Throw thy green mantle o'er the vernal year,
 With warbling music all the woodlands fill,
 And to the soul those recollections bring,
 Those feelings which in earlier years we knew,
 When o'er the mind, life's new delightful Spring
 A thousand beautiful sensations threw,
 The memory of which, though lost awhile,
 Revives again beneath Spring's sunny smile.

AFTER A NIGHT'S TOOTHACHE.

APRIL 13TH, 1836.

TO Thee, great Benefactor of mankind,
 Let all my soul in gratitude ascend,

May all the noblest efforts of my mind
In earnest prayer and deep devotion blend ;
It was a night of anguish and distress,
But peace return'd with the returning light,
And those sad torments which disturb'd my rest
Were hush'd in gentle ease and calm delight.
Still may Thy loving-kindnesses descend
On me, though all unworthy of Thy care,
And daily may my song of praise ascend
To that blest God Who hears and answers prayer ;
And when at length the hour of death shall come,
Receive me to Thy everlasting home !

APRIL 30TH, 1836.

O H ! raise the enlivening song of joy once more,
To greet the balmy breath of rosy May,
My favourite month ! I ever long to see
Pale April turn his frosty face away,
While thou, descending in a car of flowers,
Bidd'st hill and dale in sudden glory start,
Bidd'st music fill the air, and birds the bowers,
And all revives, except the blighted heart,
Which, like the gentle violet, pines away,
And in the midst of fragrance droops and dies.
Not all the charms of Flora's wide domain
Can keep a parting spirit from the skies,
For all these scenes must wither and decay,
But Heaven exhibits an eternal day.

FAREWELL TO MAY.

MAY 30TH, 1836.

MY heart is sad ! and it has cause to be—
For ah ! before the sun's advancing ray
This lovely month is hurrying fast away !
How pleasant have its evenings pass'd to me,
Spent in the grove beneath the greenwood tree,
Or breathing in the fields the scented air
Of May, which blooms in wild profusion there.
Soon shall those beauties fade which now we see
Covering the hill and dale, and forest wide—
And that grand robe of universal green,
Which meets the roving eye on every side,
Shall feel the influence of the burning beam.
Farewell, sweet May ! all nature seems to sigh,
And the low breeze moans as it passes by.

JUNE 21ST, 1836.

NOW has the summer to its loftiest height
Of power and fullest majesty attain'd,
And soon the year will take its downward course,
And soon the tide of glory be restrain'd.
Already o'er the landscape's lively green
The first faint shade of brown is lightly traced,

Already do the wide majestic woods
Rear their tall fronts with darker foliage graced.
So I perchance, though brief has been my day,
Have spent the short-lived summer of my joy,
And soon the wintry blasts of time shall shake
My sinking heart, and all my hopes destroy,
While fear and grief in every shape appear,
And every day a darker aspect wear.

JUNE 28TH, 1836.

NOW while the sun in glory high
Fills with his noontide heat the sky,
How pleasant in the woodland glade
To lie beneath the greenwood shade,
Or, seated on the mossy ground,
Bid the refreshing cup go round.

To hear the rustling summer breeze
Steal softly through surrounding trees,
And listen to the murmuring flow
Of the cool waterfall below.
Thus could we sweetly, day by day,
Pass all the sultry hours away.

AUGUST 24TH, 1836.

HARK ! through the woods the moaning breezes
sweep,
Scattering the leaves in wild confusion round,
And the green honours of departed May
Lie in disorder'd ruin on the ground.
The corn is gather'd in, and hill and dale
Will shortly echo to the huntsman's horn,
And autumn soon will yield the dark'ning year
To the loud tempest and the wintry storm.
But why should we these gloomy scenes forestall ?
There are some bright autumnal evenings yet,
While we may wander by the forest path,
And watch the sun behind the mountain set.
Then seize these precious moments while you may,
Nature is lovely, even in decay.

AUGUST 25TH, 1836.

AS lately I by Holbrook mansion walk'd,
I saw a beauteous damsel thence emerge,
Her cheek was red, and lively was her glance ;
But there was something in her eyelids' verge
That bade me look more closely, when I saw
Her eyeballs dancing rather out of tune.

And by her side, her lover and her guard,
There came a sober youth advancing soon,
With look demure, and chin of awful length ;
True love was beaming on his rosy cheek,
And as the lynx-eyed beauty took his arm,
It seem'd with joy his very heart would break.
From laughter loud I scarcely could forbear,
Methought I never saw so strange a pair.

OCTOBER 15TH, 1836.

WITH roaring winds and fast and driving rain,
Stern winter now his boist'rous entry makes,
And that faint charm which linger'd yet behind
Summer's last tint, the faded earth forsakes.
The trees are bare and stripp'd of all their leaves,
And bow their wither'd branches in the blast ;
The sere brown woods, in dreary prospect spread,
Stand sad memorials of their glory past.
No longer wandering through the landscape wide,
I watch the golden orb of day descend,
But, close imprison'd in my dreary room,
Hear the loud winds their boist'rous fury spend,
And often wish that with the summer ray
My fainting spirit too had pass'd away.

HYMN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL
ANNIVERSARY.

Nov. 1836.

AGAIN the circling year brings round
This ever-welcome day :
Again our youthful feet are found
Where Christians meet to pray.

We bow within this sacred house
Before the Lord our King,
And with a loud and cheerful voice
Our glad Hosannas sing.

Nor will the Majesty on high
Our infant notes disdain :
Father, to thee the humblest sigh
Is never breathed in vain.

Oh help us early to begin
The better part to choose,
And all the worthless joys of sin
With holy scorn refuse.

No sinful pleasure to the mind
Can peace or rest afford ;
Youth spent in folly leaves behind
A life with anguish stored.

Oh may we from a holier source
 Far nobler bliss derive,
 Joys which may gild our mortal course,
 And death itself survive.

May truth upon each youthful mind
 Its hallow'd influence shed,
 And by the book of life divine
 Be all our footsteps led.

An understanding spirit send,
 A comprehension free,
 And may our teachers and our friends
 Themselves be taught of Thee.

On all assembled here send down
 Thy Spirit from above,
 And with Thy noblest blessings crown
 This work of faith and love.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED

BY THE INTENDED ERECTION OF A NEW
 CHURCH IN TROWBRIDGE.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

WHEN Crabbe for nobler hopes on high
 Bade earthly fame farewell,
 It was on no unworthy head
 His sacred mantle fell.

Although his honour'd voice is heard
 Within God's house no more,
 There want not eloquence and power
 The sacred strain to pour.

One worthy to the important task
 The priestly office bears,
 And well his holy zeal becomes
 The sacred robes he wears.

What though his fingers may not boast
 To sweep the poet's lyre,
 Yet his impressive words breathe forth
 With all the prophet's fire.

Memorial of his holy zeal,
 Yon building rears its head,
 Where English youths are taught the faith
 For which their fathers bled.

And soon a nobler work shall swell
 The tribute of his praise,
 And cause the memory of his worth
 To live through future days.

Chosen, like Israel's prince of old,
 To bid the earth supply
 A temple to the Eternal King,
 Whose dwelling is the sky.

Soon shall our raptured eyes behold
Those holy walls ascend,
And may the Church on every side
Her sacred bounds extend.

Although a mingled host assail
God's own peculiar seat,
She with triumphant joy shall tread
Her foes beneath her feet.

DECEMBER, 1836.

NOW Winter in his most repulsive form
Rules o'er the conquer'd and dejected year,
Not with the sounding fury of the storm,
Nor icy coldness, healthy though severe.
Grand and majestically wild, the night
Of Nature in tempestuous whirlwinds tost,
And beautifully fair, the landscape white
Crown'd with a wreath of snow, or bound in frost.
Such scenes beguile stern Winter of his frown,
But no such scenes now greet the cheerless eye ;
Nought but oppressive dulness reigns around,
Gloom fills the earth and clouds usurp the sky ;
The sun, as mourning over Nature dead,
In congregated darkness shrouds his head.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MARCH 24TH, 1837.

FATHER Divine ! Who on the accursed tree
Didst offer up Thy dear and only Son,
That all Thy Saints, from condemnation free,
Might meet at last round Thy Eternal Throne ;
Oh ! when the gathering shadows of the tomb
Shall o'er our features dwell, may hope inspire
A ray of light amid surrounding gloom :
Did not the Lord of Life Himself expire ?

APRIL, 1837.

NOW by the watchful providence of Heaven,
Come the refreshing rains to cheer the earth,
And the dark clouds, by western breezes driven,
Pour down their treasured stores of countless worth.
Long did stern Winter hold with ruthless hand
His iron sceptre o'er these fair domains ;
And the cold blasts that swept across the land
Held Spring's fair empire in usurping chains.
But now the goddess of the vernal year
Asserts her rightful claim—and hill and dale
To justify her sovereignty appear,
And on the greensward blooms the violet pale ;
And all the early flowers, a numerous train,
Peep from their beds to welcome Spring again.

MAY 27TH, 1837.

AND shall the lovely month of May depart
 Without the humble tribute of a song?
 Though changed by earthly cares my youthful heart,
 To Nature still my holiest thoughts belong.
 Oh no! my favourite month, thou shalt not go
 To dark Oblivion's shore unsung by me;
 Didst thou not find the landscape clothed in woe,
 With scarce a leaf on forest, bower, or tree?
 And now on every side bespangled showers
 Of buds and leaves and blossoms meet the eye,
 And the green meadows cover'd o'er with flowers,
 Stretch'd on them rich and silent beauty lie.
 Just cast one glance across yon prospect clear,
 Speak—Is not May the empress of the year?

LINES

BY THE VIEW OF A FINE LANDSCAPE NEAR
 CHAPMANSLADE, MAY 29TH.

JUNE 16TH, 1837.

ON every side both hill and dale appear'd
 Apparell'd in the livery of May,
 And many a spot by memory endear'd
 Rose into view amid that landscape gay.
 Though ne'er my foot has trod these fields before,
 Yet old familiar objects meet my eye;

See yonder little hill with fir trees crown'd,
Lifting its little pointed head on high.
That is Copheath, where oft in schoolboy days,
When the half-holiday released the throng,
We pass'd the ever-welcome hours away,
Or wander'd the adjacent Downs among.
And farther to the south, the ponderous shade
Of yonder hill rears its gigantic form:
When first I climb'd its sides in days of yore
My heart was beating with affection warm.
My straining eye amid the prospect sought
The slender spire which pointed out my home—
A home which then contain'd a parent dear,
Now to her silent rest for ever gone.
And where those dark, umbrageous firs extend,
Where those extensive woodlands frown on high,
Amid that gloom profound my memory tells
That Crockerton's delightful waters lie—
Embosom'd 'mid those wide majestic woods
Which from this eminence I faintly trace,
In calm repose its peaceful surges sleep,
And the blue heaven is mirror'd on its face.
Oft have the boisterous shoutings of our crew
Disturb'd those solitudes which reign around,
And many a youthful voice, now hush'd in death,
Scared the wild curlew with its jocund sound.
Ye scenes of youthful happiness gone by,
Seen at this distance from this glorious height,
Sad and mysterious feelings ye awake,

For memory sheds a soft but pensive light ;
 But with these well-known scenes the restless eye,
 Soon satiated, roves the landscape round,
 And much on which it never glanced before,
 Of beautiful and noble, here is found.
 Close at our feet a boundless forest spreads
 A thousand varied colours to the view,
 And sloping meadows, clothed in vernal bloom,
 And shady trees, with church-towers peeping through ;
 But never Nature's hand a nobler sight
 Presented than yon lovely grove displays.
 Laid on its grassy carpet, you defy
 The fury of the sun's meridian blaze ;
 Within its glen-like bosom all is cool,
 For the tall forests throw their shadows round,
 And there the mellow blackbird pours his strain,
 And murmurs there the streamlet's lulling sound.
 To this rich feast of beauty and delight
 The wild flowers all their mingled fragrance bring,
 And all around unnumber'd songsters pour
 Their notes to welcome the advancing Spring.

* * * * *

Such are the scenes through which my — strays
 In search of health, nor shall that search be vain,
 For every gentle breeze that round her plays
 Shall breathe new life within her languid frame.
 The wood nymphs from surrounding shades shall come,
 And welcome to their bowers the wanderer fair,
 With crystal drops shall cool her thirsty lip,
 Fan her warm brow, and deck with flowers her hair.

ON KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

WRITTEN THE DAY OF HIS INTERMENT,

JULY 8TH, 1837.

THE day is scarcely past when on the head
 Of the anointed King the crown was placed,
 And all the great and noble of the land
 The proud assembly with their presence graced.
 And when the realm from north to south sent forth
 One universal shout, "God save the King!"
 'Twas little thought how soon Britannia's sons
 Would o'er his silent bier be sorrowing.
 Such is the will of Heaven—our honoured King
 Sleeps with his fathers, but his name shall be
 Hallow'd in the remembrance of mankind,
 The chosen Monarch of a people free.

JULY 17TH, 1837.

OH Thou! whose pure and sacred eyes behold
 The inmost secrets of the human heart,
 Check the first tendency to thoughts impure,
 And strong desires of holiness impart.
 I trust those years are now for ever gone
 When o'er my mind Sin held his hateful sway:
 Cover their memory with the shades of night,
 Bid their remembrance ever pass away.
 And henceforth may I give my life to Him,

That kind and generous Saviour whom I love,
 Walk in His holy precepts here below,
 And reign at last with Him in joy above.
 Let this be all my aim—for this alone
 Can cheer when every earthly hope is flown.

THE MEN OF TROWBRIDGE AND
 SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

AUGUST 11TH, 1837.

*Printed and circulated August 12th, 1837, and appeared
 in "Wiltshire Independent," August 24th, 1837.*

BURDETT! detested be the word!
 And hated be the name!
 It is the link which binds us all
 To infamy and shame.
 Oh no! not all—*we* scorn'd the man,
 We spurn'd him with disdain,
 On *us* no ignominy rests,
 We will not share the stain.

Burdett! though thy apostate name
 The foremost may appear,
 No representative art thou,
 We will not own thee here.
 Thank the poor slaves who plough the soil—
 In this enlighten'd place
 None but a frantic few were found
 So miserably base.

They in their midnight orgies rave
 Of Church, and State, and Queen,
 And in proportion as they drink
 Their holy zeal is seen.
 O! did our honour'd Church depend
 Upon such props as these,
 How quickly would her crumbling towers
 Nod to the passing breeze!

Hear, men of Wiltshire! England, hear!
 To save the country's fame,
 Trowbridge has sent its hundreds forth,
 But sent them forth in vain;
 We spurn'd the caitiff and his gold,
 We spurn'd him with contempt,
 And we from this accursed shame,
 Are utterly exempt.

THE GRAND DINNER,
 APPOINTED TO TAKE PLACE AT DEVIZES,
 SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1837.

September 4th, 1837.

In the "Wiltshire Independent," September 7th.

THE foes of our country, regardless of fame,
 Who have brought upon Wiltshire confusion and
 shame,

Have determined on giving a feast to their man,
And with gluttony end what with crime they began.

The trumpet is sounding o'er mountain and dale,
"Haste, layman and priest, to the banquet of Baal"—
And the sons of corruption respond to the call,
The squire from his mansion, the peer from his
hall.

Poltroons from the army, all whisker'd and stern,
And magistrates "wise," quite a pompous concern;
With statesmen and lawyers, and numbers beside,
Whom 'twere even in vain to attempt to describe.

But where are those subjects of Tory applause,
The poor helpless slaves of the "Fifty Pound" clause,
Who bow'd to the will of their lord when they met,
When he bid them to vote for Sir Francis B——t?

Like Esau, their birthright they squander'd away,
Without even a dinner its loss to repay,
Since they chose from the path of their duty to swerve,
Their reward is contempt—it is what they deserve.

We are not discouraged—we anxiously wait
Once more to encounter the foe in the gate;
When the friends of religion and truth shall obtain
Their former dominion in Wiltshire again.

Then let them indulge in their boisterous glee,
 For short will the triumph of wickedness be ;
 And a voice like a knell through the circle shall cry,
 "Ye may eat and drink now, but to-morrow ye die !"

Oh, how will the tongues of the speakers be fired,
 When their weak, shallow heads with the wine shall
 inspire,—
 But while the rich cordial is passing about,
 Oh, prithee, Sir Francis, remember the gout !

I attempt not to picture the scene at its close,
 From such characters all may the sequel suppose ;
 But, ye worthies, beware—when your glory is past !
 Beware that ye sup not with Pluto at last.

WRITTEN ON HEARING AN ACCOUNT
 OF THE GRAND DINNER,
 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1837.

In the "Wiltshire Independent," 28th September.

IS this the glorious festival,
 The wondrous demonstration,
 Design'd to scatter through the foe
 Despair and consternation ?

Can such degrading scenes as these,
Of uproar and confusion,
Tend to advance the sacred cause
Of Church and constitution ?

To see hypocrisy and cant
Their various forms display,
And falsehood which from Tory feast
Can never keep away.

To hear stupidity itself
Attempting to be clever,
And those well known as fools before,
Prove greater fools than ever.

To see stout champions of the Church,
To strive with wine unable,
Resign their stations one by one,
And drop beneath the table.

Well may the sons of freedom hold
Such folly in derision,
The cause of truth may laugh to scorn
This trumpery exhibition.

THE CHURCH.

OCTOBER 8TH, 1837.

FONDLY I loved thy sacred walls
In reason's opening dawn,
And as revolving years swept by,
That early flame burn'd on ;
And I shall venerate thee still
Till life's remotest day,
And the bare mention of thy name
Shall holiest thoughts convey.

I envy not his worldly heart
Who with indifference sees
The simple village church appear
Amid surrounding trees.
His unpoetic frame of mind,
For worlds I would not share,
Who, kneeling at some ancient shrine,
Feels not devotion there.

Oft as the hollow sounding aisle
Reflects my lonely tread,
I think how calmly sleep beneath
The long-forgotten dead ;

And when the solemn organ pours
Its seraph notes along,
I muse upon that land above,
Of never-dying song.

Slowly upon the ravish'd ear
The dying music fades,
And soon the deep-toned voice of prayer
The hallow'd dome pervades.
There is a charm about the whole,
A sense of awe profound,
And we can scarce believe that sin
Can haunt such holy ground.

Alas ! intolerance and scorn
Within her courts reside,
And change the altars of our God
To shrines of human pride !
Long did my partial heart reject
Those charges with disdain,
But late events record their truth
In characters of flame.

Creatures whose daily lives present
A catalogue of dread,
At which morality recoils,
And Virtue hides her head,

Stand forth as champions of the Church,
 To serve their private ends,
 And modestly proclaim themselves
 Her most devoted friends.

See, where yon gaudy tent appears
 Beside the public way,
 In tawdry pomp and wasteful show
 Extravagantly gay.
 Perchance some Thespian with his train
 Of kings and heroes sage,
 In tinsell'd dignity uprear
 A temporary stage.

No! Actors of another sort
 Upon these boards perform,
 Who under specious masks devise
 To work their fellows' harm.
 The very refuse of the land,
 The scourge of all their race,
 Bewail the persecuted Church
 With sanctimonious face.

Yet men of character and worth
 With such as these unite,
 Religion has inferior claims,
 'Tis for the Church they fight.

And priests, who from the Apostles claim
An unimpair'd descent,
To the unhallow'd compact give
Their sanction and consent !

Foremost at these intemperate scenes
Of bigotry and pride,
Unmindful of the truths they preach,
These holy men preside.
And while their drunken audience raise
The oft repeated cheer,
Broach sentiments a despot's self
Might almost start to hear !

Yes ! pastors of a Christian Church
Join Faction's noisy herds,
Meet in polluted haunts, and speak
Uncharitable words.
Oh ! most sincerely do we mourn
O'er one respected name ;
Alas ! that fatal speech o'erthrew
A pyramid of fame.

* * * * *

Still, still we venerate the Church
Of England's olden day,
And hope that all her numerous stains
May yet be wash'd away.

We against whom each witless scribe
His harmless malice bends,
Feel more true interest in her cause
Than half her boastful friends.

IMPROMPTU.

ON HEARING OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION
OF THE QUEEN IN THE CITY,
NOVEMBER 10TH, 1837.

Appeared in the "Wilts Independent," December 14th.

LOUD and tumultuous was the burst of joy,
Lady, when first thy graceful form was seen,
And from a countless multitude arose
One universal prayer, "God save the Queen!"
By parentage and choice alike the friend
Of freedom's sacred cause, we hail the day
That calls thee to ascend thy rightful throne,
And to thy sceptre glad allegiance pay.
At thy command, fair Queen, the factious rage
Of superstitious tyranny shall cease;
Strong in thy subjects' love, thy power shall quell
The base disturbers of a nation's peace.
So shall the fame which greets thy early reign,
To distant ages unimpair'd remain.

GOOD FRIDAY,

APRIL 13, 1838.

GREAT and mysterious are the ways of God,
 Beyond the search of man! What mortal eye
 Could in the Man of many sorrows trace
 The Heir of Heaven's Eternal Majesty?
 Yet such He was, who for such things as we
 To shameful death stoop'd His anointed head,
 And as a spectacle to earth and heaven,
 The God of never-dying glory bled.
 Confused with worldly cares and feverish toil,
 For sacred meditations all unfit,
 Yet let me lift one humble prayer to Him
 Who now doth at His Father's right hand sit.
 Jesus! at last command my sleeping dust
 Rise to the Resurrection of the just.

ON READING THE LINES ADDRESSED BY THE POET
 CAMPBELL TO SIR F. BURDETT IN 1832,
 EULOGIZING HIS CONDUCT IN PARLIAMENT, AS
 CHAMPION OF THE RIGHTS OF POLAND. THE
 LINES REFERRED TO COMMENCE THUS :—

"Burdett, enjoy thy justly foremost fame,
 Through good and ill report, through calm and storm,
 For forty years the pilot of Reform."

HOW are the mighty fallen! Six short years
 Have pass'd! and all this heritage of fame

Is lost, for ever lost, and nought appears
But the deep impress of eternal shame,
Which brands the apostate's execrated name.
Wretched old man! thy days have been too long,
And thy grey hairs, dishonour'd, must be lain
Within the darksome grave—nor minstrel song
Shall mourn the recreant's fate, who wrought his
country wrong.

As Israel's Champion, impotent and blind,
Served for the spoil of his contemptuous foe,
So has the gathering darkness of thy mind
Taught thee the same unhappy fate to know.
At Tory feasts their most triumphant show,
Dragg'd at the chariot wheels of infamy
Throughout the land, a spectacle of woe
Oh, well may Poland's tyrant smile to see
A creature more despised, scarce less abhorr'd than
he.

The idol of the nations is become
The heir of deathless scorn,—his country's shame;
E'en I, on whom perchance life's early sun
Shall soon go down in darkness, would not deign
To change my brief, inglorious life of pain
For thine with all its former noisy fame.
Yet should we feel more pity than disdain:
Had'st thou not cursed our country with thy name,
And brought on Wiltshire such accumulated shame.

A FRAGMENT.

AUGUST, 1838.

HIGH roll'd the waves ; through foaming spray
Our gallant vessel urged her way ;
Grimly we eyed the boist'rous sea
With qualms of mortal agony,
And often o'er the swelling main
Politely bent, but bent in vain.

To love in vain is thought a curse,
To retch in vain is ten times worse :
Shivering and weak in every joint,
With faces sharpen'd to a point,
We look'd, on quitting ocean's roar,
Like spectres pale on Pluto's shore.

Onwards we went at sneaking pace,
Sickness and want in every face,
With our blanch'd locks and sea-drench'd hair,
Like breathing emblems of despair.
And each attenuated form
Bore bag and baggage on its arm.

But soon to cheer our woeful plight,
The Tredgar Arms appear'd in sight.
Soon as before its queenly dame
Our shadowy apparitions came,

She gave us with a scornful air
To her attendant damsel's care.

Oh useless were the minstrel's lyre,
And vain the poet's muse of fire,
In fitting language to portray
That blaze of charms! that burst of day!
Fair maiden, let one glance suffice—
Withdraw those rapture-darting eyes.

'Tis true those eyes are somewhat small,
And one scarce visible at all;
'Tis true, each glance, though all perfection,
Took rather an oblique direction,
These trifles only seem to render
Those mild green orbs more soft and tender.

And well that peerless shape might grace
The matchless beauties of her face,
E'en Venus' self might cease to charm
Beside that "belt encircled" form
That, had th' Italian sculptor seen,
It had his favourite model been.

'Tis true it bears one trifling speck,
A total want of waist and neck,
This trivial fault, if worth the name,
Serves only to enhance her fame,
And with her other charms combine
Originality sublime.

Calmly the setting orb of day
Threw from the west his latent ray,
And softly blew the evening breeze
Among those dark ancestral trees,
When passing through the leafy glade
We pass'd beneath their sacred shade.

Below, the river deep and strong
Roll'd its majestic tide along,
Through the surrounding landscape gay
We mark'd its "silver winding way,"
Till mingling with the ocean's swell,
In the broad channel's mouth it fell.

And from "that place of thousand graves "
We saw dark ocean's golden waves,
On his smooth breast the clouds that lay
Basking in Sol's departing ray,
All their reflected glories threw
In tints of everchanging hue.

Far to the east, the scene to close,
Blue Cambria's distant mountains rose,
Where wood-crown'd hills and valleys green
O'er Neptune's noisy empire lean ;
And never did his surges roar
Or dash against a lovelier shore.

We gazed, in mute enchantment bound,
Till evening cast her shadows round,
And then with lingering steps and slow
Sought the dull drowsy town below.
But oft shall memory retrace
The wild and varied scenes which grace
That lone, romantic burial place.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE LEAF OF A PRAYER-BOOK, IN
WINGFIELD CHURCH, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
TO THE REV. — SPENCER, OCTOBER 31, 1836.

NOVEMBER 16, 1838.

HAVE pity on us, reverend Sir,
This dire infliction kindly cease ;
And bid the weary multitude
Depart in peace.

How restlessly the rustic choir
List to thy long continued din ;
Soon as thy perpetrations cease,
Theirs will begin.

The very clerk beneath thy nose
Is lock'd in dewy slumber fast ;
But dreaming that he hears thee still,
Looks quite aghast.

Hear how the jolly farmers snore,
See how their pretty daughters gape ;
Oh pray turn o'er two leaves at once,
And end thy prate.

As all thy doctrines we admit,
From farther argument refrain,
St. Paul's descendant ! close thy book ;
That point to gain

We would the wildest Popish tales
Receive as most undoubted facts ;
Or those more wondrous fictions still,
The Oxford Tracts.

Have pity on us, reverend Sir,
Dark grows the cloudy evening sky ;
Another head ! for mercy's sake,
Oh pass it by.

Perhaps thy motives are sincere,
But vain are all thy best designs :
Will boring people's ears to death
Convince their minds ?

Ah me ! a few well-chosen words
Have far more influence on the heart,
Than all this tedious waste of breath
Can e'er impart.

Alas! that mother Church should send
Such ones as these to vex the land ;
For this how many ancient shrines
Deserted stand.

The damp and mouldy walls exhale
A rank, unearthly, death-like smell ;
Oh parson, sure thy voice will be
Our funeral knell.

The stars are kindling in the sky,
Still colder grows the evening air :
Oh reach me down my hat, for more
I cannot bear.

REFLECTIONS.

DECEMBER 12, 1838.

AND now another most eventful year
Is drawing to a close, its pains and cares
Will soon be past for ever. It has been
A dreadful year for me and my affairs.
High tow'ring hopes have sunk into the dust,
Portentous fears have all been realized ;
And the sad issue of my fate has proved
More baleful than my gloomiest thoughts surmised.

Yet will I trust in Heaven—another year
May roll these unpropitious clouds away.
Meanwhile my library is richly stored
With gems of classic lore and fancy gay ;
And while misfortune's blast so rudely blows,
There will I fly for comfort and repose.

ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

JANUARY 6, 1839.

NAUGHT that is intellectual and sublime
Can long amid these grovelling scenes remain ;
Fit residence alone for vice and pain.
O thou blest daughter of a nobler clime,
Well may'st thou spurn the vain abodes of time ;
Yet had we hoped through many a distant day
To hear thy sweet and melancholy lay
From Afric's shore waft its melodious chime.
O who shall now from "memory's twilight bower"
Call forth a thousand recollections dear ;
And bid the worldling o'er life's early hour
Heave the fond sigh and shed the holy tear ?
O who shall waken in their former power
Feelings too deep for earth, pure as spring's earliest
flowers ?
Not long had Hemans sought her kindred skies,
And while the nations wept upon her bier,

They turn'd to thee and wiped the falling tear ;
But fate soon snatch'd thee from our partial eyes,
To breathe on distant shores thy latest sigh.

Oh seraph pair ! together now ye raise
The swelling anthem of eternal praise,
Making e'en Heaven a nobler paradise.

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL HOULTON.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

RESOUNDS the voice of lamentation sore,
Farley, amid thy calm and green retreat ;
And many a heart with wildest anguish beats,
By murmuring streams, wood paths, and cottage door,
For one departed to return no more,
Whose name shall long in grateful memory dwell
Amid those woodland scenes he loved so well.
Yet, when Spring's vernal breezes shall restore
The music of the woods, the landscape's bloom,
Then oft at midnight's melancholy hour
" Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,"
By the old castle, by the moss-grown tower,
Shall thy pure spirit linger, till the day
Shall warn thee to return thy heavenward way.

A TRUE TALE.

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED SPINSTER IN LOW
SPIRITS.

MARCH 10TH, 1839.

TELL me, sweet Caroline, I pray,
Why dwells such blackness on thy brow?
Thy face is not a whit too fair
When gallants round thee bow:
If it be lean and hungry then,
Oh what must it be now?

Thy days are in the yellow leaf,
Thy cheek is of a yellow hue,
Large wrinkles on thy forehead curl,
Thy very nose is blue.
Oh banish affectation then,
With age so near in view.

Oh try those captivating looks,
Those sentimental airs, no more,
For five-and-thirty years ago
You tried them all before,
And they have ever fail'd to bring
A lover to the door.

Oh listen to a story, then,
Which I for your advantage tell,

'Tis of an ancient maid like you,
Who into mischief fell,
Because she could not rest at ease
When she was safe and well.

Her eyes were of a brilliant green,
And lively as an owl's at noon,
Grief had dug graves upon her cheeks,
And buried all their bloom.
She spoke—a raven's notes were heard
Loud croaking to the moon.

But more sublime attractions still
A keen observer might have found,
For she, like Whittle Harvey, held
An office of the Crown,
Which each revolving year brought in
Full nine-and-thirty pound.

At length a son of Vulcan came,
Where this neglected Venus dwelt,
And hearing of her income large,
His heart began to melt,
And like a Templar knight of yore
Before her shrine he knelt.

And there breathed forth his vows, with all
A Carrier's thrilling elocution,
And pour'd forth boundless stores of wit
In rapturous profusion,

(I wonder much he has not joined
Our newborn Institution).

He sued and won. To friends who fear'd
She thus express'd her inmost mind :
" Though his exterior may be rough,
His heart I know is kind,
And to domestic hopes and joys
Be all my days resign'd.

" In all his troubles and his toils
I ever by his side will stand,
E'en where he plies his noisy trade
With horse-heel in his hand
I'll sit and sew—the fondest pair
Of turtles in the land."

Such were the matrimonial schemes
Of this delighted ancient dame,
And soon the holy priest pronounced
Love's most endearing name,
And in the presence of the world
They man and wife became.

Returning in the wedding coach
She thus her loving lord address'd,
Who full of dire forebodings felt
Repentance in his breast :
" Attend, dear Vulcan, while I speak,
So shall my mind find rest.

"Determined nothing should remain
To separate my fate from thee,
I gave my paltry office up
Without reward or fee,
That in thy dearest presence spent
My days might ever be."

He started up in wild affright,
And swore a most tremendous oath,
And to the infernal powers below
Consign'd her, nothing loath,
Wishing a certain gentleman
Would come and take them both.

I may not tell what more befell,
War suits not such mean verse as mine,
But had I Homer's matchless power
And Virgil's energy divine,
Then broken heads and darken'd eyes
Should crowd each sounding line.

That night no marriage feast was spread,
That night no bridal couch was prest,
In hopeless, solitary sleep
Sore bones and thoughts found rest.
Such were the nuptial scenes wherewith
This loving pair were blest.

Oh let Oblivion's veil be drawn
Ere more appalling scenes appear,

Domestic grief should ne'er be made
The subject of a sneer.
And late events agree too well
With those recorded here.

Grave spinsters, learn from this sad tale,
To cease from every vain endeavour ;
Oh rest in peace, of this be sure
Love can attend you never.
Old maids of fifty years of age
Should live old maids forever.

MARCH 14TH, 1839.

(Refers to the preceding evening.)

WITH watery eyes, uplifted hands,
And hypocritical grimace,
See, pious Samuel takes the chair, ^
With a most awful length of face.

In accents humble, meek, and low,
Begins his eloquent display,
Till kindling into zeal he burns,
A seraph from the realms of day.

I was glad, Murray, when I heard
Thy laws despised and scorn'd thy rule,
That I had no five pounds to spare,
To be allow'd to play the fool.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MARCH 29TH, 1839.

HE died upon the ignominious cross,
 But now He reigns on high to die no more,
 And when He comes again to judge the world,
 His presence shall be felt from shore to shore,
 And all the nations wail because of Him.
 Then shall these eyes, awakening from the sleep
 Of vanquish'd death, behold the Judge come down,
 Whilst the last trump shall thunder through the deep,
 Calm and serene amid the wreck of worlds,
 And the loud crash of consummated doom.
 At that dread hour, the righteous souls shall rise
 Supreme in bliss, victorious o'er the tomb,
 And clothed in the white robes which seraphs wear,
 Spring forth to meet their Saviour in the air.

TO A CONSERVATIVE HAIRDRESSER,
 OF SUPERIOR INTELLECTUAL ATTAINMENTS AND
 OF SPLENDID CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

BARBER, thine idle talk correct,
 Thine empty noise refrain, .
 Pray hold thy tongue, or ne'er expect
 To hold my nose again.

Oh read the sapient "Herald" less,
And mind thy business more,
Thy speeches yield but poor redress
For whiskers bathed in gore.

Why should the storms of party rage
Such hearts as thine o'erwhelm,
Let other Whigs thy thoughts engage
Than those that rule the realm.

And should the revolution come
Thy monstrous fears portray,
Trust me, there's nothing from thy home
"The mob" would take away.

Then rouse thy feeble stores of sense,
Shake off thy night-mare dread,
Behold the weapons of defence
Are all around thee spread.

Thou shouldst look forward to the field
With firm, undaunted soul,
Bearing thy bason for a shield,
For spear thy gilded pole.

Then why of Radicals afraid,
So sure thy foes to wound?
Knight of the razor, mind thy trade,
And let the world run round.

For little do "those worthies" care
For oils or ladies' locks,
And although hard has been their fare,
They would not eat thy blocks.

ON HEARING OF THE WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF
THE CHARTISTS AT DEVIZES AND THE MAGNA-
NIMITY AND COURAGE DISPLAYED BY THEIR
LEADERS.

(In the "Devizes Gazette," April 11th.)

OH! sound the trumpet ; beat the drum !
The hour of mortal strife is come,
Ye sons of freedom, one and all
Respond to our victorious call.
Come, leave your shuttles, and repair
Where the green banner floats in air."

Such was the summons which was borne
Through Trowbridge streets on Easter morn ;
And fast the wretched Chartists came,
Mad to commence the work of shame,
And thronging where their leaders stood,
Hail'd with loud cheers these words of blood.

High these brave heroes' courage rose,
Being ten miles' distant from their foes.

"And if I fall," great Vincent cried,
"My country shall the cause decide,
And on the rolls of lasting fame,
Through distant years preserve my name."

Then noble Carrier silence broke,—
But scratch'd his whiskers ere he spoke,—
(And well their fiery hue became
That spacious mouth, those eyes of flame.)
Show'd them the weapons they should wield,
And bade them hasten to the field.

Then forth that luckless army went,
Like ghosts to Pluto's region sent ;
The blasts on which their banners flew,
Display'd their tatter'd raiment too ;
But neither wind nor driving rain
Could those unhappy dupes restrain.

They went ; but why the tale pursue,
Of that forlorn, devoted crew ?
Oh rather tell the deeds of might
Done by their leaders in the fight.
The great achievements which they wrought,
How long and gloriously they fought.

Alas ! when danger's hour drew nigh,
Those boasters were the first to fly,

And he, the Brutus of the day,
Sped with an arrow's haste away,
While Carrier's locks of fiery red
Rose stiff with terror on his head.

And shall such dastard knaves as these,
Ye men of Trowbridge, vex your peace ?
Urge you to violence and strife,
Then beg with tears a worthless life ?
Shall these at your expense be fed,
And rob your children of their bread ?

Will you, to serve their selfish ends,
Forsake your master and your friends ?
Oh, will you stand and hear unmoved
Names which you once revered and loved,
Traduced by rogues who share your gains,
Then call you blockheads for your pains.

Oh, let the ingenuous blush of shame
Your penitence and grief proclaim.
Tell them their shortlived reign is o'er,
You will be gull'd and fleeced no more,
That Trowbridge, like Devizes, grows
Too hot to hold your country's foes.

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

APRIL 21ST, 1839.

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A NEWLY MARRIED PAIR
ON THEIR RETURN FROM CHAPEL.

WITH heart sincere, my early friend,
I wish thee every joy,
Pleasures which Time himself shall prove
Unable to destroy.

O scarcely credible it seems
That two such boys as we,
In matrimonial fetters fast,
Already bound should be.

A few short busy years ago,
We dwelt on classic ground,
And bade old Sambourn's echoes ring
With laughter's jovial sound.

Or roll'd all listlessly along
Upon the verdant sod ;
The holidays our only wish,
Our only fear the rod.

Far other feelings and desires
Our present thoughts employ ;
Oft are we tempted to exclaim,
Who would not be a boy ?

That season is for ever fled,
Life's graver cares come on ;
And when a few more years are past,
Life shall itself be gone.

Meantime, may every earthly bliss
Upon thy house descend ;
And ever may thy consort prove
A fond and faithful friend.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A POEM OF MR. J. OFFER'S,
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SECOND DAY'S
TOUR IN AUGUST, 1838.

April 24th, 1839.

YE records of delightful scenes gone by,
Ye vivid portraits of departed bliss,
Ye bring a thousand forms of glory nigh,
Rare to be met with in a world like this.

Safe in my desk these treasured stores shall sleep,
While years and seasons urge their weary flight ;
To wake in frozen age emotions deep,
And gild my life's last hours with memories bright.

COMPOSED IN BED ON MAY
MORNING, 1839.

O BEAUTIFUL May, thou art here once more,
Oh, grant me the pleasures thou gavest of yore.
The earth, her green bosom enamell'd with flowers,
Leaps forth with delight from her new foliaged bowers,
To hail the propitious, the heavenly day,
And greet with her fragrance the first-born of May.

Oh beautiful May, thou art here once more,
The storms and the uproar of winter are o'er,
Alas ! I shall mourn every day as it flies,
So sweet is thy air and so bright are thy skies ;
And perhaps thy next season of beauty may bloom
O'er the shadows which then shall encompass my tomb.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

MAY 1ST, 1839.

O H ! 'tis a source of exquisite delight,
To me, a traveller on Life's weary ground,

That as revolving seasons urge their flight,
The more my minstrel fantasies abound ;
Although my youth has lost its first warm glow,
And worldly cares press closer round my way,
Ne'er did my heart more lively feelings know
Than those with which I hail this new-born May.
Delightful month ! Thy fields with king-cups spread,
Thy forests echoing to the stockdove's song,
The lark's loud minstrelsy above my head,
And the tall trees that cast their shades along,
O'er the green carpet of the mossy earth,
Wake all my inmost soul to ecstasy and mirth.

MAY 6TH, 1839.

HOW gloriously the hills and vales appear,
Beneath the splendour of the mid-day beam ;
The deep blue sky magnificently clear,
And full of rapture as a lover's dream,
Bends o'er a landscape exquisitely fair,
Flush'd with the virgin beauty of the Spring ;
The waving woods their green apparel wear,
And in their depths the feather'd minstrels sing.
Delightful Spring ! Oh most delightful May,
God's fairest gifts to wretched man below,
How fast your golden moments glide away,
How brief the halcyon visions ye bestow !
Such are the joys of this uncertain state,
And we, when wise at all, are ever wise too late.

MAY 8TH, 1839.

ON BEING OBLIGED TO ATTEND AS SPECIAL
CONSTABLE IN THE MARKET PLACE.

STRANGE that the jarring tendencies of man
Should mar the splendour of these lovely days.
But so it ever was since he began
To shun fair Wisdom's uncorrupted ways.
Now mid the dusty turmoil of the town,
Behold these charming evenings wasted all,
And for the thankless service of the Crown,
We set at naught great Nature's festival.
Well, she is still the same, and though her bowers
Unsought, unvisited by us may be,
There Philomelo spends her tuneful hours,
And pours her never-dying harmony,
Whilst on her head the yellow moonbeams fall,
Gilding some ancient tower and mossgrown wall.

MAY 9TH, 1839.

THE winds are whispering in the hollow dells,
Stirring the foliage of yon ancient oak ;
In every breeze the voice of rapture dwells,
As though the genius of the forest spoke ;

That welcome sound portends a vernal shower,
To cheer the fragrant bosom of the earth,
To clothe with lighter green yon leafy bower,
And wake anew the voice of vernal mirth.
May suns are hot and sultry—they require
Warm genial showers of fertilizing rain ;
When these arrive to moderate their fire,
New glory crowns the mountain and the plain.
The flowers spring as by magic from the ground,
And Eden seems again to bloom around.

MAY 13TH, 1839.

TO THE POLICE AND SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

YE dauntless sons of valour ! words are vain
To tell the matchless glories ye have won ;
The shock of hosts upon th' embattled plain
Were sport to the achievements ye have done.
Old men and feeble matrons chiefly bear
Undoubted witness to your manly fame,
And though their lips must not the tale declare,
Their batter'd limbs your noble deeds proclaim.
Long shall the sick and lame, the halt and blind,
Wear on their bones the impress of your might,
And those great names shall be with yours combined
Who led you forth to such a glorious fight.
And with great heroes their sublime renown
Shall to posterity be handed down.

K

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1839.

IN THE COURSE OF MY ANNUAL WALK.

GENTLY May's evening breezes blow,
As they blew nine short years ago ;
The same fair scenes around me rise,
The same green fields, the same blue skies.
Ah ! some with whom that hour was spent,
Have to their last account been sent !
Thank God ! my loved one, free from ill,
With her dear presence cheers me still.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A CHRISTIAN MINISTER AFTER
HIS FINAL RETIREMENT FROM HIS DUTIES,
ON ACCOUNT OF SEVERE AND INCURABLE
DISEASE, MAY 18TH, 1839.

SERVANT of God, thy work is done,
Thy work of hope and love,
And shortly will thy race be run,
Thy crown prepared above ;
Faith points thy spirit to the skies,
And dawning glories round thee rise.

And thou shalt leave behind a name
To sacred memory dear,
Perchance unknown to earthly fame,
But ever honour'd here,
To flourish in immortal bloom,
When stars shall fade in quenchless gloom.

When in God's presence we rejoice,
And to His courts repair,
The last faint echoes of thy voice
Still fondly linger there,
And call back feelings to the mind
Of days departed, hopes resign'd.

Many shall ever bless the Hand
Which led thy footsteps here,
And many in God's Temple stand
And bow with holy fear,
Who by the warnings of thy voice
Were taught to make that better choice.

The memories of life's early morn
With thy remembrance blend,
When first our youthful feet were borne
By some departed friend,
Upon a summer's morning fair
Unto the Sabbath house of prayer.

The bow of malice has been bent,
Her poison'd shafts have flown,

And slanders vile, with dire intent,
Around thy memory thrown ;
We turn to days and scenes gone by,
And scorn such foul malignity.

Oh yes ! we know that He who reigns
Supreme in power and might,
Whom not the Heaven of Heavens contains,
The Lord of life and light,
Shall at the last decisive day,
Those slanderers with contempt repay.

When He shall come, and every eye
His presence shall behold,
Pavilion'd in the vaulted sky,
'Mid azure clouds of gold,
Assembled worlds shall see thee share
Thy Master's warm approval there.

Servant of God ! thy work is done,
Thy work of faith and love,
And shortly shall thy race be run,
Thy crown prepared above.
Though every earthly joy depart,
This hope shall nerve thy sinking heart.

WRITTEN IN BED AT THE STAR HOTEL,
BRISTOL, ON THE MORNING OF
JUNE 6TH, 1839.

MY heart is in the greenwood fair,
Though I am in the city,
For she my heart adores is there,
More dear, and far more pretty
Than all the scenes which round her bloom,
Although they breathe of heaven,
In woods to which hath leafy June
Their summer foliage given.

Well, I am in the city noise,
Amid the city smoke,
And two sweet dreams of rural joys
Those rattling wheels have broke.
Still, still my heart is in the fields,
Though I am in the city,
Tasting the joys her presence yields
Amid that landscape pretty.

A LAMENT.

JUNE, 1839.

IT is a bright and glorious morn,
Calm and delicious is the air,

Day's rosy curtains, half withdrawn,
Unveil a prospect fair
Of distant vales in green array'd,
And hills with ancient woods o'errun,
Casting a pyramid of shade
Before the rising sun.

No more amid those lovely scenes
My feet may wander, as of yore,
When rapt in Fancy's wildest dreams,
My cup of joy ran o'er.
Gone are those days, for ever gone,
I see the land of promise fair ;
Like him who Pisgah's summit won,
I may not enter there.

Chain'd to the oar of worldly toil,
I pass my cheerless hours away,
And leagued with slaves of Mammon's spoil,
Wear out each glorious day.
Quench'd is the fervour of the soul,
The common business of mankind
Detains in pitiless control
The pinions of the mind.

O rather would I spend my life,
A denizen of woods and fields,
Tasting the joys, remote from strife,
Unspotted nature yields,

Than dwell with those whose every dream
Is to ambitious schemes allied,
Whose days roll on, a mingled stream
Of selfishness and pride.

Did I believe my future years
Would all this dull complexion wear ;
Life were indeed a vale of tears,
A vision of despair !
Then should I long to pierce the gloom
Which shrouds God's throne from mortal sight,
And hail the silence of the tomb
With rapturous delight.

Yet are there many pleasures here
Of pure and intellectual kind,
And joys to sacred memory dear,
The banquet of the mind.
And Nature's sacred power can quell
The fever'd anguish of the breast,
And in Life's bitterest draught instill
The balm of holy rest.

When I behold the queen of night
Through silver clouds her way pursue,
Or see the lord of boundless light
His radiant course renew ;
Or hear the voice of woodland mirth,
Or murmur of the ocean wave,

I feel there yet are joys on earth
Ambition never gave.

Oh yes! and Fancy's spell can weave
Pleasures reality denies,
And with a pious fraud deceive
Truth's ever-searching eyes;
Whether through Spenser's scenes we stray
Of knightly fame and ladies' love,
Or rise on Milton's loftier lay
To nobler worlds above.

But soon the transient gleams of light,
Like morning visions, melt away,
And gloom comes back with tenfold night,
To chase each lingering ray.
Meanness, hypocrisy, and crime
Crowd all the avenues of life,
Where man, with all his powers sublime,
Wastes the brief days in strife.

JULY 8TH, 1839.

NOW drinks the thirsty earth the fertile showers
With joyful eagerness—the bending skies
Rain mirth and gladness on the fading flowers,
Making from earth's green bosom rise,
Delicious as the breath of paradise.

Vex'd and dispirited, the farmer leaves
His haycocks soaking in his deluged fields,
But 'tis not yon brown cottager that grieves :
He thinks upon the stores his garden yields,
And knows these showers will make his roses bloom,
And bid his bursting cabbages expand,
And fancies with what zest he shall consume
The rich potato produce of his land.
Nor are green peas pass'd in oblivion by,
Nor yon lone grunting tenant of the sty.

JULY 11TH, 1839.

THE sunny day and jessamine-scented night
Pass rapidly away—the glorious sun
Rolls into ocean depths his orb of light,
Earlier and earlier. When the day is done,
And the rich tinted clouds grow pale,
And the lone bat flies whirling o'er my head,
There comes a sound upon the evening gale,
Mourning another day of beauty fled ;
And though the fields still spread the rich perfume
Of hay, and woodbines throw their fragrance wide,
Each eve the landscape sinks in deeper gloom,
And veil'd in darker mists from side to side,
While the low winds in moaning accents tell
That Summer soon shall breathe her last farewell.

JULY 18TH, 1839.

L OUD roar the angry winds—the bending trees
Wave their wide arms of tossing foliage round,
The pealing thunder and the raging seas
Add their unearthly cadence to the sound.
It is a summer landscape, but the blast,
And beating rains, of hoary Winter speak,
As though July had on December cast
His robe, and chased the roses from his cheek.
So speed the months away—so year by year
Doth Winter upon Summer's reign intrude,
Till but a few short sun-bright weeks appear,
And all beside is desolate and rude ;
A faithful emblem of life's dreary waste,
Where every sweet turns bitter on the taste.

JULY 23RD, 1839.

A RAINY summer is a second spring,
For all is fresh, and blossoming, and fair ;
Cool is the breeze, refreshing is the air.
Unscorch'd and green the leafy branches fling
Their shade o'er quiet nest and fluttering wing
Of birds, who in that calm seclusion deem
Life's varied course but one long summer's dream ;

A thousand flowers their mingled odours bring
To cheer our languid senses, and the voice
Of woodland melody awakes around ;
And bursting through the clouds, the sun destroys
The gloom which erst the gay creation bound,
While wood and forest, valley, dale, and hill,
In his descending glory brighten still.

JULY 23RD, 1839.

A THOUSAND visions of obscure delight
Before my fancy rise ; and joys unknown,
And fairy scenes, unnaturally bright,
Pleasures of higher aim and nobler tone
Than aught this world affords, seem all my own
Romantic castles nodding to the moon,
Stoop over crystal rivers, pure and wide ;
And fountains steep'd in heaven's ethereal bloom
Deep in yon leafy park their waters hide.
The sounding ocean and the sandy shore,
Majestic woods and valleys clothed in green,
The eternal hills, with snowcap summits hoar,
Bending o'er nature's richest, wildest scene,—
All their fantastic images of light
Pour on my deluged soul in sunbeams bright.

TO A FRIEND

UNDULY ELEVATED IN PROSPERITY.

OCTOBER 17TH, 1839.

O SPARE that haughty glance of pride,
That scornful bend—that distant bow ;
That look which speaks—" I knew you once,
But seek superior friendships now."
I court not thy averted eye,
Henceforth thy memory I regret ;
But for the sake of years gone by,
My pity and advice accept.

The fellowship of schoolboy sports,
The friendship of maturer days,
Have vanish'd like a morning dream,
At the first dawn of fortune's rays.
'Tis well—I cheerfully resign
All claims on one so weak and vain ;
And well content if ne'er on earth
We cross each other's path again.

But will the glittering sons of pride,
Who bask in Fortune's proudest beams ;
Will they thy proffer'd hand accept,
And crown thy most aspiring dreams ?

No! though awhile amused to mark
Each servile art a smile to gain;
The vain presumption of thine heart
Shall reap derision and disdain.

Oh then, ere loneliness and shame
Shall weigh thy worldly spirits down;
Let nobler aims and hopes inspire
A thirst for more sublime renown:
Thy mental energies arouse,
This littleness of soul subdue,
For those who honour would possess,
Must keep humility in view.

OCTOBER 26TH, 1839.

THE sun sinks early to repose,
Cold and more cold the evening grows;
The last few yellow leaves prepare
To rustle through the raw keen air.
A damp o'er Nature's face is spread,
And all the soul of joy is fled.

Such is the winter of our day,
So spring and summer speed away;
And autumn's last desponding sigh
Proclaims the hour of fate is nigh,

And man with all his glory fades,
Like leaves amid the forest shades.

But there shall dawn another spring
In thy blest realms, Eternal King !
'Mid prospects more divinely fair
Than Nature's transient splendours are.
Oh ! when the storms of life are past,
God grant I there may rest at last.

NOVEMBER 4TH, 1839.

A CALM religious feeling should pervade
Our inmost mind, affection mixt with fear,
When to the awful Majesty of Heaven
Our vows we pay, or in His courts appear.
On equal terms let not presumptuous man
Approach the King of kings, and Lord of lords ;
He claims the solemn homage of the heart,
And not irreverent and familiar words.
When in the sacred ritual of our land,
With souls sincere, assembled hosts unite,
And humbly in His awful presence bow,
Where the dim windows shed religious light,
Such worship more divine acceptance find
Than the wild fervour of enthusiast mind.

NOVEMBER 16TH, 1839.

WHEN I look back upon departed years,
And many golden summers past away ;
Fain would I, with a flood of scalding tears,
Weep o'er the follies of life's early day.
Born to exist for ever, in a state
Of bliss ethereal or supernal gloom,
Well may I mourn my having sought so late
That faith which scorns the terrors of the tomb.
May that blest Power, who on the throne on high,
God over all, in boundless glory reigns ;
Bid from my heart earth's vain delusions fly,
And cleanse my conscience from contracted stains,
So that the time departed may suffice
For thinking thoughts of sin, and working deeds of vice.

AUTUMNAL READINGS.

PALEY and Cowper on Sundays I read,
On Tuesday geography learn,
Rollin's History on Thursday takes lead ;
And the others all follow in turn :
Southey, Peter Pilgrim, Wordsworth, Spenser old,
And the Waverley Novels, worth their weight in gold.

ON OCCASION OF THE REVIVAL MEETING HELD
TO COMMEMORATE THE REOPENING OF
TABERNACLE.

NOVEMBER 19TH, 1839.

WITH an approving eye, O Lord, look down
Upon this little portion of Thy flock,
Be Thou the God of their inheritance,
Their gracious friend, and their abiding rock.
May those blest spirits, now enthron'd above,
Who worshipp'd once within these honour'd walls,
Look down upon us with a smile of love,
And join unseen our sacred festivals.
And oh! Eternal Father, for the sake
Of Thy dear Son, who died that man might live,
Be present at the offerings which we make,
And to our prayers a holy unction give,
So that Thy servants when they part may say,
"God has been with us of a truth to-day."

EARTHLY AMBITION.

SAY, what is earthly fame, its wealth and power,
But the delusive phantoms of an hour?
If in the proudest moment of success,
Languor and gloom the wearied soul oppress,

Of what avail, when death's sure hour comes on,
Are years of such ambiguous pleasure gone ?
O'er the glazed eye, when utter darkness steals,
What wild despair the parting spirit feels,
In what a poor and wretched light appear
The honours purchased at a price so dear.

Go, child of folly, at thy Maker's word,
To Nature's temple, bow before her Lord ;
There, where his wondrous works salute thine eyes,
In the broad ocean, and the boundless skies,
With chasten'd heart thy vain presumption own,
And bow with contrite heart before His throne.
Then ask not riches, power, or length of days,
But banish from thy heart the lust of praise ;
The immortal soul a nobler boon demands,
The gift of pardon from a Saviour's hands ;
This if thou seek, and seek in faith sincere,
With earnest hope, and penitential fear,
As through night's gloom the orb of glory breaks,
And lines Heaven's pathway with morn's golden
 streaks,
So shall the light divine of truth control
The more than midnight darkness of the soul.

Lift, lift my soul, thy noblest thoughts on high,
And cleave on soaring wings the vaulted sky,
Where the eternal God in glory reigns,
And in immortal strength His state maintains.

How great His power, and how supreme His worth!
How different from the potentates of earth!
No empty pomp His sovereign rule displays,
Around His head no transient meteors blaze,
Before His feet no flattering courtiers fall,
But heaven's vast legions crown Him Lord of all.
At His command the rolling thunders wake,
Before His voice the eternal mountains quake;
But when His low, still voice of mercy speaks,
The stony heart in scatter'd fragments breaks,
And peace divine which worldlings cannot know,
Nor earth's sublimest bliss can e'er bestow,
Awaits with faith, and hope, and every good,
The soul made perfect in a Saviour's blood.

O Thou supreme in highest heaven confest,
Lord over all, the God for ever blest,
Help us to cast with holy scorn away
The vain ambition of this mortal day.
Shall man, vain man, his mightiest efforts form,
To please an earthly lord, his fellow worm,
And with the most assiduous purpose strive
To keep a master's favouring smile alive?
Shall he his most ambitious projects frame,
Amongst his fellows to exalt his name?
And seek, as if the search involved his fate,
The world's applause, the friendship of the great?
Whilst but a doubtful homage he affords
Unto the King of kings, and Lord of lords,

Whose power sustains the planets as they roll,
 And rules the inmost motions of the soul ;
 For the same hand which doth the ocean span,
 Holds in its stern control the mind of man.
 Oh, Father ! may I see Thy light divine,
 That folly such as this may ne'er be mine ;
 But knowing that Thou art the only wise,
 Thy loving favour seek, and none beside,
 Leaving to such as seek their portion here,
 Earth's empty honours, and her abject fear.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE EMBLEMATICAL FIGURE
 ON THE COVER OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,
 ON READING THE ARTICLE "QUEEN ARGEUS"
 IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

"POOR father Blackwood! thou hast had thy day"
 I murmur'd, as I conned thy twaddling lay ;
 'Tis time thine aged head was sunk to rest,
 Upon old granny "Herald's" parchment breast.
 I view the lovely features of thy face,
 And mourn with heart sincere thy dire disgrace ;
 For ill does foul disloyalty supply
 The fame thy learning won in days gone by.
 Oh ! it were sad to see a halter thrown
 About the neck with hoary hairs bestrown !

And that black cap, in malefactor guise,
Sink from thy reverend forehead o'er thine eyes.
Take care, old man, beware the traitor's doom !
Or that grim phiz may wear a deeper gloom !
Alike our youthful Queen may well defy
The whisper'd venom and the open lie ;
But those whose loyal hearts revere her worth,
More royal in her virtue than her birth,
May not endure her blameless name to hear—
A name to virtue and to freedom dear—
Blasted by slanderous tongues, by foul abuse,
Though doting age may form some small excuse.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 5 AND 14, 1840.

“ ON us, and on our children, be
His blood,” the wretched Jews exclaim'd ;
According to their own decree,
So God's eternal wrath ordain'd.

Oh Lord ! we breathe the selfsame prayer,
The same demand our lips supply ;
In mercy, not in judgment hear,
And bid the saving help be nigh.

Oh, be the cleansing blood applied,
To purge our hearts from earthly stain,

That we may know our Saviour died,
And feel He did not die in vain ;

That when life's evening shadows fall,
Our souls of certain hope possest,
Shall hasten at His glorious call,
To enter an eternal rest.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A SICK PERSON ON
A DECEMBER DAY, IN VIEW OF A CLUMP OF
TREES IN A CHURCHYARD,

APRIL 14, 1840.

WITH wild and fitful blast the angry winds
Sweep through the branches of those naked
trees,
And a strange joy my troubled spirit finds
In the wild music of the wintry breeze ;
A fearful sympathy my feelings hold
With Nature in her ruin, for I know
That this poor frame shall soon in death lie cold,
This wasted cheek resign its hectic glow ;
I know that when dark winter shall have past,
And newborn Spring in pride and joy return,
Those trees shall their recover'd shadows cast
At golden eve o'er my funereal urn,

And like a resurrection type shall bloom
In silent glory o'er the darksome tomb.

MAY, 1840.

SHE died upon a lovely eve in May,
What time the earth with growing flow'rs was
bright ;
E'en as she sunk to rest, the sun's last ray
Bathed her pale forehead in celestial light.
One parting look around the room she cast,
At her dear garden fondly gazed once more,
Bent on her sire one glance—it was the last—
One moment—and life's fitful dream was o'er.

HYMN SUNG AT TABERNACLE BY THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

MAY, 1840.

SAVIOUR divine! enthron'd above!
Accept our hymns of praise ;
We sing as those who shared Thy love,
In Israel's ancient days ;
Hosanna !
To Christ the God of Grace.

To Thee who saidst, "Forbid them not,"
Our humble notes we raise,
Oh ! may it be our happy lot
To sing in endless lays,
Hosanna !
To Christ the God of Grace.

To Him who came to bleed and die,
To save our sinful race,
And now ascended up on high,
Prepares our soul a place,
Hosanna !
To Christ the God of Grace.

We thank Thee for the Christian light
Which gilds our early days,
And may life's future paths be bright,
Beneath its genial rays,
Hosanna !
To Christ the God of Grace.

Through all the busy scenes of life
Do Thou direct our ways,
And oft amid its cares and strife
Assist our souls to raise
Hosanna !
To Christ the God of Grace.

Oh, may we, with our latest breath,
Recall these early days,

And in the awful hour of death
Sing our Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna !
To Christ the God of Grace.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1840, ON MY
ANNUAL WALK.

ABOVE my head the threatening clouds career,
Across my brow the western breeze blows cold,
As on this sacred eve, to memory dear,
Through well-known ways my annual course I hold.
Lord of the Sabbath ! as Life's years roll by,
May I and she who strews my path with flowers
Be hastening to Thy courts on high,
To spend eternal years in heavenly bowers.

FORGET THEE ! FOR G. N. H.

FORGET thee ! self-respect and pride
This sacrifice demands ;
I would not brook such fickle scorn,
E'en at an angel's hands.
Hast thou not spurn'd a cherish'd love
Thine heart could never know ?
O think not such a loss can stain
My life's best years with woe.

A sudden darkness o'er my path
Thy faithlessness may cast,
The soul may for a while retain
The bonds it held so fast ;
Though deeply on its inmost core
Thine image was imprest,
The memory of such wrongs as mine
Might steel the weakest breast.

Go ! fickle as the winds of heaven,
False as the ocean wave,
Think not, though I have mourn'd thy loss,
That I will live thy slave ;
No, I would scorn to be confined
In such unworthy bands,
The inborn dignity of man,
Far other course demands.

Forget thee ! yes ! thy form no more
Within this heart must live,
Or but remember'd at the most,
To pity and forgive ;
When thou shalt learn in after years,
As youth's gay dreams decline,
More justly to appreciate
The worth of love like mine.

GOOD FRIDAY,

APRIL 9TH, 1841.

SHARER of Heaven's eternal majesty,
Who gav'st Thyself by mortal hands to die
A sacrifice for man's depravity ;
Who left Thine everlasting throne on high,
To be partaker of the felon's doom,
To die for rebel man, Thy wretched foe,
And suffer mortal anguish in his room,
Now from high Heaven one gracious smile bestow
Upon my spotless flower that bears thy name :
Being consecrate in Holy Church to Thee,
Make her a lively member of the same,
That she may dwell with Thee eternally.
Grant this, O Christ, upon whose sacred head
The Crown of Thorns by impious hands was laid.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1841, ON MY
ANNUAL WALK.

A GAIN this verdant eve hath call'd me forth
To tread once more the old frequented way,
Upon the altar of remembrance dear
Again my votive sacrifice to pay.
Another year another gift beholds,

A branch is added to the parent tree,
 On both my Emilys, great Father smile,
 O may they both thy favoured children be !

LINES FOR THE NOMINATION OF NORTH
 WILTS, JULY 9TH, 1841.

JULY 5TH, 1841.

HAIL, glorious Wiltshire ! fated to return
 Men which e'en Gatton's self would coldly spurn,
 The rottenest of rotten boroughs ne'er
 In olden times could boast a choicer pair ;
 Well may the banners from the Steeple float,
 Well may the hills prolong each joyous note,
 The pealing bells send forth—to hymn the day,
 Let every jackass in the county bray,
 For folly is victorious—scowling pride,
 With blear-eyed bigotry in triumph ride ;
 Unlettered Squires monopoly's banner rear,
 Benighted moonrakers in crowds repair
 At their imperious call, with forced applause,
 To ope from ear to ear their sunburnt jaws.
 O, could they rightly read, repentant tears
 Would silence soon those suicidal cheers !

And thou, old man, who hast on Wiltshire brought
 Such utter degradation, grief, and shame,
 As that in future years on History's page

Her records shall be sullied with thy name ;
 And also thou of speeches never—Long,
 In whose most eloquent moments, yea or nay
 Requires prodigious effort—to ye both
 I wish all happiness this glorious day ;
 Enjoy it, 'tis your last—a secret power
 Through every conscious hill and valley speaks,
 Till these apostates have received their doom.
 Chase not the indignant bluster from y'r cheeks ;
 Ye men of Wiltshire, let your present shame
 Urge you to emulate your former fame.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT. THE
 CONTRAST.

LOOK NOW UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THAT.

JULY 25TH, 1841.

THEY stand in the dim Cathedral fane,
 Uprear'd in days of yore,
 The sacred shrine where their fathers knelt,
 Through many an age before.
 There are they met, the young, the fair,
 To bind in solemn joy
 A wreath, which naught but Death's cold hand
 Can wither or destroy.

Upon that youth's ingenuous brow
 No mark of guile hath place,

As he bends a glance of fond delight
On that soft tearful face ;
While her silvery tones responsive wake
The mellowing echoes round,
And the hollow tombs beneath reply,
" Ye tread on holy ground !"

The white-rob'd minister of Heaven
His honour'd task fulfils,
Deep in their list'ning hearts like dew
God's holy word distils ;
That rite around their future path
A living ray shall shed,
With undiminish'd light to shine,
Till Life's gay dreams are fled.

Whither, in such unseemly guise,
Doth yon droll couple go ?
To yonder brick-built Meeting-house
In Ebenezer Row.
Blithe Deacon Giles a month ago
Mourn'd his third consort dead,
And now he leads his servant-maid
To Chapel in her stead.

There in the table-pew they stand,
The parson and the pair,
And that sly dog, the Registrar,
Is also station'd there.

When sixty-five weds twenty-three
 It is a mournful sight,
 Nor should the Registrar display
 Such ill-disguised delight.

A short extempore speech is made
 In rich and flowery style,
 And the old bridegroom on his prey
 Leers horribly the while.
 Then, altogether, they adjourn,
 The wedding feast to keep,
 O! what would Father Matthew say,
 Were he allowed a peep?

GOOD FRIDAY,

MARCH 25TH, 1842.

THIS is the hallow'd day on which the Son
 Of Heaven's Eternal King, by man betray'd,
 The glorious prize of man's redemption won,
 And on the pyre a guileless victim laid;
 Could my poor Muse now summon to her aid
 Great Milton's lyre, or Gabriel's harp above,
 Vain were the attempt to sing such wondrous love.

But when my soul, now pent in mortal night,
 "No more a dark inhabitant of clay,"
 Shall win, through grace divine, her heavenly flight

To the bright regions of eternal day,
 Then shall she take up the celestial lay,
 And with unfaltering voice, through endless days,
 Pour the blest anthem of a Saviour's praise.

ON THE EVENING OF 17TH OF MAY, 1842, ON
 MY ANNUAL WALK.

FATHER Divine! by whose indulgent grace
 Once more my steps these hallow'd footpaths
 trace,

Grant that the coming year my soul may see,
 In holier, nobler ties close bound to Thee.
 O! that this cold and grovelling heart may prove
 The perfect fulness of a Saviour's love;
 So when this annual pilgrimage is o'er,
 And these sweet eyes behold me here no more,
 I and the much-loved partner of my days
 Shall join the anthem of eternal praise.

GOOD FRIDAY,

APRIL 14TH, 1843.

AS my sweet darling gently sinks to rest
 On the soft pillow of her mother's breast,
 So calmly and resign'd, the Christian stays

In the blest circle of his Lord's embrace,
And waits the hour of his departure here
Without a shudder, and without a fear.
These are the fruits, Immanuel, of Thy love,
Which drew Thee from the blissful seats above,
When all the powers of Hell conspired to vex
Thy righteous spirit, and Thy soul perplex ;
Till on the Cross Thou didst resign Thy breath,
Serene in torture, and composed in Death.
Accursed Sin ! for thee the Saviour bled,
Thou plac'd'st the Crown of Thorns upon His head,
Call'd'st forth the gory sweat, the bursting sigh,
The last loud shriek of utter agony.
O grant, Almighty Father, in the hour
Of dark temptation and of Satan's power,
When my weak faltering footsteps fain would stray
From the Redeemer's straight and narrow way,
When Pleasure, borrowing Virtue's heavenly grace,
Holds forth the poison'd chalice to my taste,
In that dark moment may Thy Spirit bring
Light and salvation on His healing wing.
In that dark moment may my soul repair
To Calvary, and the sinless Victim there ;
So shall the vile temptation pass away,
And on my soul shall dawn Thine own eternal day.

MAY 4TH, 1843.

YEARS roll away, but Spring remains the same,
 And thou, Spring's fairest daughter, delicate May,
 Still, even as of yore, thy radiant smile
 Clothes the rich valleys in their bright array.
 The bright green foliage of the awakening woods,
 The mossy verdure of the daisied sward,
 The fragrance from yon blossoming orchard bower
 Are all, delightful May! the rich reward
 Of thy benignant reign.—Old Winter taps
 His empty snuffbox, scratches his white head,
 Heaves one sepulchral groan, and backward falls,
 An aged corpse, upon a violet bed.
 Brown moles and weasels dig the villain's grave
 O'er which the western winds their hollow dirges rave.

CONCLUDING VERSE OF HYMN SUNG
 AT TABERNACLE.

MAY 14TH, 1843.

YOUTHFUL Hosannas to Jesus be sung,
 Precious to Him is the praise of the young.
 Sing, for the dayspring eternal is dawning,
 It shines like a beacon o'er mountain and wave,
 Thrice happy are they who in life's early morning
 Are taught that Jehovah is mighty to save!

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1843, ON MY
ANNUAL WALK.

ON the green herbage the descending showers
All day have pour'd their rich luxuriance down.
I, on my annual walk, once more forsake
The muddy pathways of the smoky town ;
And though the tempest beats upon my head,
I feel, I trust, a heart at peace within,
For I have feasted at my Saviour's board,
And He hath made atonement for my sin.
But deep solicitude and anxious care
Await the dear companion of my days :
Great God ! sustain her in her hour of need.
So will we in our house Thine altar raise,
And infant voices shall be taught to sing
Through future years the praises of our King !

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES DAY, JULY 20TH, 1843.

WHETHER thy soul hath pass'd away
To grief or rapture, who can know ?
'Tis ours within ourselves to look,
And there our cares bestow,

When life in heedlessness and sin
Passed misspent, abused away,
And as the hour of death comes on,
When sinners weep and pray,

None but the Eternal God can tell
If such repentance be sincere :
Oh, may not such uncertain hopes
Wait our departure here !

Now in the days of health and strength
May we those blessed paths pursue
In which God's holy children walk,
And keep the end in view.

Then shall confusion and affright
Be banish'd from our dying bed,
And God o'er our departing souls
Shall holiest rapture shed.

ON HEARING OF A VISIT PAID BY MESSRS. COBDEN
AND BRIGHT TO A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT IN THE
SOUTH OF ENGLAND, AUGUST 31ST, 1843.

In the "Devizes Gazette" of Sept. 7th.

I N a green vale where silver waters run,
And yellow harvests ripening to the sun

Bend in salute as it comes whispering by
To the last breath of parting Summer's sigh,
Bearing the woodbine's perfume on the breeze
From cottages "embosom'd soft in trees,"
Where the rich foliage of surrounding woods,
And the calm murmur of crystal floods,
Combine man's burden'd spirits to release,
And "soothe his throbbing passions into peace :"
Lured by the lust of gold, and love of fame,
Amid these still retreats two strangers came ;—
Came—not at Nature's holy shrine to bend,
And bid their grovelling hearts to her ascend ;
Came—not within her blessed page to look,
To them "her volume" is a sealed book ;
Came in these pastoral plains the seeds to sow
Of faction and distrust, of turbulence and woe.

All unsuccessful shall their arts be found
To plant their noisome weeds in rural ground ;
There British hearts and British feelings reign,
And all their vile attempts shall prove in vain.
When they the honest labourer would persuade
That he a vassal and a serf is made,
Then shall he point his finger in reply
Where their tall chimneys' smoke pollutes the sky ;
And question them of their poor slaves who dwell
Within the music of the factory bell ;
Who drudge in oil and stench from morn to even,
Far from the pure and blessed air of heaven.

And when at night the iron gates unfold,
And those black forms pass forth, the young and old,
The beer-shop and the Chartist Meeting share
The rival favours of those sons of care :
And thus with them the weary years roll round,
Unless perchance some new device be found
And wood, and steel, and iron, can be bought,
To do the various labours they have wrought :
Though great the cost, and though the gain be small,
Yet, anxious their brief earnings to enthrall,
Their " liberal " lord at once without a sigh
Sends them all forth beneath the open sky ;
Thy glorious march, Improvement, nothing knows
Of household sufferings and domestic woes ;
This general desolation waits them all,
Their weeping families partake their fall.
No hope their bitter sorrows may assuage,
For helpless infancy and tottering age,
For grief-worn widow, and for new-made bride,
One refuge then remains, and naught beside ;
One universal refuge—in a mass
They from the Factory to the Workhouse pass.

Such, husbandmen of England, is the fate
Which year by year your countrymen await,
And yours, when Free Trade's banner is unfurl'd,
And England made the " Workshop of the World."
Oh ! value then your cottages of peace,
Your fruitful gardens, and your murmuring bees ;

Be deeply thankful you have never known
The filthy factory nor the smoky town.

Ye British yeomen ! ever faithful known
To rally round the altar and the throne,
In troublous times the bulwarks of the land,
O come not where these Sons of Discord stand ;
Contempt from you is all that they can claim,
So let them e'en return from whence they came ;
Still let it be your honour and your boast
To live joint guardians of your native coast
With England's Gentry of the olden time,
With them you prosper and with them decline.
O cherish still their mild paternal sway,
Nor fear these cotton lords, these mushrooms of a day.

ON DIPLOCK ENTERING INTO BUSINESS
AS A BOOKSELLER.

JANUARY 15TH, 1844.

NOW are the Trowbridge days of darkness past,
Since our provincial Tonson comes at last,
And he who erst in Caxton's footsteps shone,
Now shines with all a Murray's glories on.
On this bright day the raptur'd muse shall shed
Her freshest wreaths around the hero's head ;
No more in dungeons shall her children pine,
No more shall hunger quench the fire divine.

At his blest door shall seedy authors stand
With folded papers in the trembling hand,
And watch with eager glance the applause which glows
From his arch'd eyebrows and Augustine nose.
Oh ! who can paint the burning joys they feel
When hope holds out the promise of a meal !
On the kind cheque he writes the ready name,
And sends them off at once to Steed's or Frame !

Where yon proud Hall rears its majestic head,¹
See where in "converse with the mighty dead,"
Fresh from the factory, the sable youths
Discourse with Plato, or invoke the muse,
Where wholesale feasts of knowledge minds partake,
And embryo Carriers from their shells awake.
When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd this stage, immortal Diplock² rose,
And led his hearers' thoughts to worlds unknown
Beyond their comprehension and his own,
With Newton's power soar'd thro' the realms of space,
And proved himself the comet of the place.

To his bright name what various honours fall,
For many parts he takes, and shines in all !
O still, my friend, this dazzling course pursue,
And Tegg himself shall prove a fool to you !

¹ Trowbridge Mechanics' Institution.

² Diplock's Lecture on Astronomy.

Chambers and Colburn, Constable and Tait,
Hide their diminish'd heads, and yield to fate,
While the bright meteor of these western skies
Shall, like a Phoenix, from their ashes rise.

GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 5TH, 1844.

BEAUTEOUS and fair this sacred morn ariseth,
No spot nor cloud upon the heaven's wide
face,
Bright as those hopes which Heaven's great King de-
viseth
For the cleansed sons of Adam's fallen race.
Darkness and shame our blessed Lord endured,
That light upon the Gentile worlds might rise,
And when our great redemption He insured,
That hour He closed in death His sacred eyes.
Soon of sin's galling fetters disencumber'd,
The Eternal God from his brief sleep awoke,
So when at last the Archangel's trump hath thunder'd
Thro' earth and air, and Death's last slumbers broke,
His faithful people from their graves shall rise,
To see His Second Coming in the skies.

VERSES OF A HYMN SUNG AT THE
TABERNACLE.

APRIL 28TH, 1844.

O BE Thine example, blest Lord, day by day,
The star of our path and the light of our way:
The filial regard which illumined Thy youth,
Thy patience in suffering, Thy meekness and truth,

Thy devotion of mind and Thy fervour in prayer,
In some humble degree, blessed Lord, may we share.
May our Teachers the Spirit's blest teaching receive,
Seal home to our hearts the instructions they give.

And then as the morning of life fleets away,
And evening comes on in her mantle of grey,
With thankful affection shall memory retrace
These scenes of our youth, and this time-honour'd
place.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
W. STANCOMB, ESQ.

MAY 2ND, 1844.

DARKLY, O Spring, thy opening charms have
been
By Death's dark shadow dimm'd and clouded o'er,

And hence thy spreading fields of living green
Smile not on us as they have smiled before.
No weak enthusiast, bowing at thy shrine,
Was he by Death's swift summons call'd away :
Though o'er his bier the muses may not twine
A garland of the early flowers of May,
And though for him no pastoral bard shall sweep
One mournful strain upon the woodland shell,
Yet grateful hearts shall o'er his memory weep.
And godlike Reason sigh'd when Stancomb fell;
He food and labour unto thousands gave,
Therefore let all good men revere his grave !

TO A FRIEND.

MAY 8TH, 1844.

O LET not friendship's sun upon us set
Because old paths have greater charms for me
Than those in which thy footsteps linger ; yet
If in this darksome world division be,
The blest assembly of the elect above,
Not vexed by schism, nor by factions rent,
Shall in one lasting bond of perfect love
One true and undivided Church present.
And if we hope with that blest host to meet,
When the trump's sound shall crumble earth to
dust,

Though the still waters may not soothe thy feet
 Of that pure faith in which I humbly trust,
 Yet for our Head one blessed Lord we own,
 Him we shall see at last upon His great white throne.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1844.
 MY ANNUAL WALK.

COLD and ungenial is this eve of May,
 A lengthen'd drought o'erclouds the vernal
 year ;
 Dusty and dry rolls on each changeless day,
 Yet lovely still God's wide-spread works appear.
 Now fourteen years are gone since first I came
 Along this road, my rosy girl to meet,
 And now she sits at home, a stately dame,
 And two fair daughters grace her matron feet.
 So speeds insatiate Time, whose ruthless scythe
 Swept down my master at the dawn of May,—
 Her first bright morning saw him stout and blithe,
 And then with sudden stroke he pass'd away.
 This year beholds us fill another home :
 Grant us thine own, at last, Lord, let Thy Kingdom
 come.

THOUGHTS IN ADVENT, 1844.

SEE Heaven's celestial gates unfold,
 He comes, by ancient seers foretold !

Already do the stars beam bright
 Which on that holy wondrous night
 Upon the watchful shepherds gazed,
 By sacred strains from earth upraised.
 From angel harps the music ran
 "Peace upon Earth—Goodwill to Man."
 O might I upon Bethlehem's plain
 Wander, ere Christmas morn appears,
 And hear those blessed strains again,
 Vouchsafed of old to mortal ears!
 This cannot be—Faith's eye alone
 Can linger o'er those glories gone,
 But when Earth's dwindling years are past
 I shall behold my Lord at last.
 Soon shall the second coming be
 Of Him, whom every eye shall see.
 He, the despised and scorn'd of men,
 Shall come to judge a guilty world,
 And mighty kings shall witness then
 The standard of His wrath unfurl'd.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MARCH 21ST, 1845.

FROM the tumultuous turmoil of the world
 I hail this day of peace and solemn thought,
 In which His House of Prayer our footsteps seek
 Who on the uplifted Cross salvation bought.

Roll on, insatiate Time, and let the years,
The unjoyous years of this dull life be past,
The long unmeaning blank which interferes
Between the all-glorious future and the past.—
Yes! even they who pierced Him shall behold
Their Sovereign Judge descend in pomp august.
When from yon sky the blasted stars shall fall,
And earth's vain empty ball resolve to dust,
Calmly may we behold the awful strife,
Our names recorded in the book of life.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1845.

MY ANNUAL WALK.

WHEN last I trod this destined way,
Death's shadow hover'd o'er my path,
And bade my honour'd master lie
A victim to his wrath.
But now a brighter sky unfolds
Its image to my mortal eye,
And a fair star has beamed where then
That sudden storm pass'd by.
Of judgment then, of mercy now
My varying harp the notes must tell,
And the rich verdant eve agrees
With such a subject well.
For signal mercies late vouchsafed
To parent stem and opening bud,

I would my grateful thanks repay
Beside this vocal wood.
Lord, look on him whom thou hast given,
May earth's green paths by him be trod,
And long and happy years be spent
In converse with his God.

GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 10TH, 1846.

WHAT contrast doth this cloudless morn present
To that sad hour, when darkness like a robe
Fell o'er the cross-crown'd hill of Calvary,
And the loud thunder shook the trembling globe.
How bright and fair this vernal morn appears!
Thro' the green laughing fields, in neat array,
The village children seek yon moss-grown pile,
To hear of Jesu's Death, this sacred day.
Each after each, old England's bells peal out,
The woodland glen, the factory-crowded town,
Cathedral towers, and uncouth rural fanes
Alike the universal impulse own,
Calling earth's children, rich and poor, to fall
Contrite within His shrine Who died for all.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1846.

MY ANNUAL WALK.

IN REFERENCE TO THE DEATH OF J. C. OFFER.

NEWLY departed spirit, dost thou bend
O'er the sad footsteps of thine ancient friend,
Who, still a prisoner in this world of care,
No more may thy familiar converse share?
Bright is this glorious eve, an emblem faint
Of thy sublime abode, ascended saint!
In faith and hope my annual path I tread,
And calmly muse upon the early dead;
Each look, each word, my busy thoughts recall,
And memory in my heart enshrines them all.
No more with thee these earth-bound feet shall stray
Where the sweet Wye pursues her devious way,
No more with thee on these delighted eyes
Shall holy Tintern's moss-clad turrets rise.
Far purer streams for thee their course prolong,
And nobler temples now demand thy song.
Oh! better for our own sad fate to weep,
Than mourn o'er those who safe in Jesus sleep.
Then let this comfort banish all beside,—
For us, as well as him, a Saviour died;
And, when a few short struggling years are past,
We too shall reach the same blest home at last.

AN INTERCEPTED EPISTLE FROM
THE REV. W. BARNES TO JESSE
GOULDSMITH, ESQ.

DECEMBER 18TH, 1846.

DEAR Brother in the bonds of River Biss,
Beneath whose silver stream I held thee fast,
While host of weavers "Hallelujah" sang,
And future "chains" in rich perspective pass'd
Before each sombre profile, neatly scraped
By brother Woodward of the "elected seven,"
Who keeps their beards in order through the week,
And Sundays helps us lead them on to Heaven—
My brief discourse on Wednesday evening last
Held up the prayer-book to our people's scorn,
And now a few ideas I transmit
Of the same most obnoxious subject born.
Upon my breast it like a nightmare sits,
This State Church, with the odious claims it makes
That our dear friends should be obliged to pay—
My very spirit to its centre aches:
Was it for this, that to our noble cause
A thousand sovereigns godlike Samuel gave?
Oft have I seen his heart with transport beat,
As each black scalp rose streaming from the wave.
Was it for this that spotless Cooper wrote

To hand our history down to future days ?
Milner, henceforth be mute—Mosheim, be dumb !
“Ye little stars, hide your diminish’d rays !”
Was it for you yon spacious building rose,
Within whose walls these lungs shall never fail ?
Whose broad, bare front an awful moral speaks,
Reminding culprits of the County Gaol.
O ! is it not a deep and burning shame
To be obliged a “legal” claim to pay,
When members of the Back-Street Baptist Church
Would rather spend their cash another way ?
Legal, indeed ! the very term I hate ;
Talents like mine all human laws surmount.
Of old Legality our Bunyan speaks,
And holds him but in very small account.
Poor Robert Hall the English Church revered,
And would, perchance, have blamed the course I
choose ;
But at a brighter flame my torch I light,
For human learning sadly warp’d his views.
Seek not the lights of vain philosophy,
Dear Friend, but read the “Baptist Magazine,”
And weekly have the “Nonconformist” down,
(In which my contributions may be seen.)
Meantime may we our zealous course pursue ;
’Tis not our aim to stem the tide of vice :
Throughout our streets though sin and shame abound,
Upon these topics we must not be nice.
Equality and Liberty for ever !

Let Satan triumph if the Church but fall,
 And when she's down, we'll have a brush at him.
 Let this at present be our all in all :—
 We'll preach up charity, but practise none ;
 Talk of the cause of Christ, but mean our own ;
 Translate God's word anew ; and be, in short,
 The most consummate bigots ever known.
 And now farewell ! you'll be, of course,
 At the Church meeting held to-night :
 I find friend H—p—r cannot come ;
 My brewing won't be finished quite.
 Friend C—ft will also be away,
 Which will occasion more surprise ;
 He lost his spectacles last week,
 And has a cold in both his eyes !

ON THE LATE MURDER OF A YOUNG
 GENTLEMAN IN IRELAND,
 WHILST WALKING FROM FRESHFORD,
 FEBRUARY 24TH, 1847.

ERECT in manhood's strength he stood
 'Neath the calm evening sky,
 On pasture green and waving wood
 Feasting his raptur'd eye.

Through his pure veins the healthful flood
 Of vigorous life rolled on,

Vice had not stain'd his youthful blood,
Nor life's first dreams were gone.

Those wide domains, those glittering streams,
Those hills were all his own,
Those woods on which the sun's last beams
In bright effulgence shone.

Of boundless means, of talents rare,
And hopes more vast than they,
The future, like that landscape fair,
In bright perspective lay.

No pomp upon that noble brow,
No earthly pride hath place ;
All meek and humbly speaks he now,
With upturn'd glowing face :

"I here resolve, where first I tread
The soil my fathers trod,
That, hither by his guidance led,
The Lord shall be my God.

"And by his aid my days I give,
My earnest cares bestow,
To bid my suffering people live,
And mitigate their woe.

"Beneath yon mountain's sheltering brow
God's House shall have its place,
And the pure light of England's Church
Shall Popish darkness chase."

He paused—but still his upturn'd look
His soul's high thoughts declare ;
Alas! no more those accents broke
The gathering silence there.

Those pure, pale lips shall speak no more ;
Closed is that eye of flame :
On him, as with a torrent's roar,
The fell assassin came.

When o'er the wood the Queen of Night
Shot forth her trembling rays,
On his prone corpse her silver light
Look'd down in mournful gaze.

Deep and past mortal thought the ways
Of God : oh ! who can trace them here ?
But we know that in the world's last blaze
All doubt shall disappear.

GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 2ND, 1847.

N O more, 'midst Sabbath stillness and repose,
 Raise I my annual tribute to my Lord,
While the glad hours lead on the solemn morn
 Of this great day, with sacred memories stored.
For infant faces gather round my board,
 And infant voices echo in mine ear,
Who shall hereafter, at their Saviour's woe,
 Heave the warm sigh, and drop the holy tear.
May Thy rich mercy guard them as a shield,
 Enwrap them in Thy arms of love divine ;
And when Thou countest up Thy jewels, Lord,
 May each, and every one of them, be Thine !
And in this hope upon Thy Cross we rest,
And wait the Resurrection of the blest.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1847.

MY ANNUAL WALK.

D OTH wisdom grow with growing years ?
 Experience youthful follies chase ?
And, as maturer age appears,
 Still holds the soul her onward pace ?

Answer, ye trees, ye hedgerows green,
 Who saw me first when I begun
 To trace this well remembered scene.
 Full eighteen years their course have run
 Since that dear hour when first she took,
 Reluctantly, my proffer'd arm :
 Scarce could my awed sensations brook
 The touch of that angelic form.
 Ne'er have my heart's affections roved ;
 Still in my soul those feelings reign.
 She shines, my household Star of Love,
 With four new planets in her train.

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17TH, 1848.
 MY ANNUAL WALK.

THE scowling clouds that flit across the sky
 In some faint measure seem to imitate
 The dark, impervious mists of destiny
 Now lowering on my honour'd Father's fate.
 Fierce was the ruthless mandate of disease
 Which to the dust his strength and vigour cast ;
 Nor yet can his enfeebled powers o'ercome
 The effects of such a devastating blast—
 To the Eternal mind unveil'd alone
 If sunny Life or Death's dark shades impend.
 Oh ! in this selfish and ungenerous world,
 Ill can we spare so good, so true a friend.

Therefore, great God, his fainting strength restore,
Ere he shall vanish to be seen no more.

LINES WRITTEN IN TROWBRIDGE
CHURCH.

JUNE 23RD, 1848.

HAIL, peaceful home, where our forefathers dwelt!
All hail, ye sacred courts in which they knelt!
To this blest house, at morn and evening prayer,
Once more could their accustom'd feet repair
How would their hearts with holy transport beat
To see this work of pious zeal complete!
As with slow step these echoing aisles I tread,
Wild fancy paints a thousand visions bright
Where yon rich window sheds a golden light.
Familiar forms my busy mind recalls,
Who worshipp'd once within these sacred walls:
But chiefly to my sight a form appears,
In priestly vestments clad, and bow'd with years.
In yon high pulpit memory loves to trace
The mild, calm features of the poet's face;
For, with peculiar force, his pictur'd strains
A fit remembrance of himself retains.
His were "the white descending locks that spread
O'er the bald circle of his honour'd head;"
His was "the meek and suppliant look in prayer,"
And the "pure faith that gave it force was there."¹

¹ Rev. George Crabbe.

Within this hallow'd fane the ashes rest
 Of "Nature's sternest painter, but the best ;"
 Now nobler themes his raptur'd notes prolong,
 For Nature's God himself demands his song.
 And be it ours, when life's brief dream is o'er,
 And even this blest shrine can charm no more—
 When in our quitted place our children kneel,
 And higher faith and deeper transports feel,
 While the pure prayers our ancient forms supply
 Prompt the warm wish, and lift the soul on high—
 Oh ! be it ours still brighter joys to prove
 In the one universal Church above !

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING AN EXCURSION
 TRAIN PASS ON SUNDAY MORNING.

SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1850.

DEMON of worldly selfishness and care,
 Tainting with rolling fogs the wholesome air,
 And drowning with thy vile distemper'd noise
 The chiming Sabbath bell's harmonious voice !
 Late as I paused beside a sacred pile—
 A favour'd spot of England's favour'd isle—
 Where opening morn and closing eve combine
 To yield a scene of peace almost divine,
 Laden with incense, from surrounding heights,
 "Where the near heavens impart their own delight,"

The Sabbath winds their gentlest influence breathe
Upon the lovely valley stretch'd beneath,
When, o'er their fathers' graves, the people pass
With thoughtful footsteps thro' the waving grass,
And in their Father's temple, one and all
Before their Father's God devoutly fall—
To that blest haunt the filthy engine came,
Like a foul spirit belching smoke and flame,
And in a single moment seem'd to chase
The Sabbath echoes from that tranquil place ;
Scattering o'er hill and dale, with giant hand,
Vice and intemperance through the smiling land.
Not with more fatal or more deadly aim
On Egypt's coasts the avenging locusts came,
Than on these unpolluted plains pour down
The vilest refuse of the distant town,
In simple rural minds the seeds to sow
Of sin and crime, and every future woe.

“Oh, Italy ! thy Sabbaths will be soon
Our Sabbaths, crown'd with mummary and buffoon !”
Sang England's sainted bard ; and if he now
From his bright rest o'er mortal scenes may bow,
Such hateful and un-English sights as these
May almost wake a sigh in the blest seats of bliss.

LINES
SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF A FINE
SUNSET BEHIND THE MALVERN
HILLS.

MAY 1ST, 1851.

To my daughter Lucy.

THE pomp which, in yon western sky,
 Waits on the sun's departing ray
Betokens, when the night is past,
 Another bright and glorious day.

So the gay mirth in Lucy's face,
 Which shows a heart at peace within,
Foreshadows happier scenes above,
 Beyond this world of pain and sin.

His hand Who spread yon golden clouds,
 Which night's dark shades must soon destroy,
Can make those smiles on Lucy's face
 An earnest of eternal joy.

When childhood, youth, and life decay,
 Still may those happy smiles remain ;
And God's eternal peace within
 Soothe her last hours of mortal pain.

TO EMILY.

WEARY of change and noise and restless change,
Homeward I turn my thankful steps once
more ;
And quit with pleasure these distracting plains,
The guard's shrill whistle, and the engine's roar.
But first, old fashion'd little Puss of mine !
Ere I again thy rosy face behold,
I thank thee for that little note of thine,
And for the tidings that its lines unfold.
In Sheffield's noisy town those lines I read :
The neatly written page as I survey'd,
To Bradley's cloudless skies my fancy stray'd,
Picturing a little group encircling there
Miss Withers, seated high in stately chair.

EMILY'S FAREWELL TO BRADLEY.

FROM scenes familiar for so many years
I cannot part without some sense of pain ;
But pay the tribute of a few sad tears,
Thinking of childhood's joys ne'er to return again.
There many happy moments have I spent
With youthful friends in work and merry play,
Nor thought how fast the fleeting seasons went ;
And now the last has reach'd almost its closing day !

Hither I came, a young, unthinking child ;
Pensive and thoughtful, homewards hence I go :
Still smiles the landscape round as then it smiled ;
Still by the dusty path the same wild violets grow.
I most am changed myself, yet strive to trust
In One who changes not ; He knows that I am dust.

WRITTEN IN GLOUCESTER TO EMILY.

SUNDAY, 1851.

FROM home and joy exiled,
Would that my longing eyes could wander now
O'er the smooth surface of thy youthful brow,
My first, my darling child !

The loud Cathedral bells
Pour their rich music on the Sabbath air ;
But all unheeded by my heart, for there
The gloom of sadness dwells.

When through its echoing aisles
The voice of sacred song burst on my ear,
I thought but of thy beaming eyes, my dear,
And of thy Mother's smiles.

But He whose Presence fills
This noble Temple, founded to his praise,
In mercy deign'd my sinking heart to raise
Above all earthly ills,

The loud resounding song -
 Brought to my mind the Angelic choir above,
 And pictured to my heart the form I love
Amid that blissful throng.

There, if we meet at last,
 I felt these painful partings would be o'er,
 And to my heart, so desolate and sore,
A gleam of comfort pass'd.

A few short years roll'd by,
 And safely housed in our eternal home,
 Each after each, I saw my children come
To their blest seats on high.

I heard my Alfred's voice
 Raise the "Te Deum" of the saints above ;
 And heard *your* voice and Lucy's tones of love
In milder notes rejoice.

And that sweet angel-child,
 Already gone from sickness and from pain,
 To her beloved Mother join'd again,
In peace eternal smiled.

Such was the vision blest
 Which to my thoughts in that Cathedral came,
 Weaning my heart from loneliness and pain
With hopes of endless rest.

And now, my child, farewell !
A better Father than this world supplies
Holds in His hands thy future destinies,
And He shall shield thee well.

Thy Mother's hope and pride !
Be thou her future comfort and her stay—
A star to shine upon her future way,—
Be ever at her side.

All that you e'er can do
Cannot repay her tender care and love.
Farewell ! God and the holy saints above
Keep ever *her* and you !

WRITTEN AT YORK, SUNDAY, 2ND MARCH, 1857.

THIS morning, when I heard the white-robed choir
Raise the high anthem in this hallow'd fane,
Within my heart I felt a warm desire
That my dear child was with me once again.
A far more glorious temple of our God
Is this than any you have ever known ;
And with deep awe the echoing aisles I trod
With feelings most sublime, and faith most true.

Oh ! it is great and beautiful and grand
To worship God in temples framed like this !

Oh ! mayst thou ever love thy native land,
And ever may it be thy pride and bliss
To make thy Country's church thy heavenward guide,
Nor from her holy altars ever turn aside.

* * * * *

Large smoky town and solitary wastes
The rapid engine whirls me by ;
The faded meadows and dark, leafless woods
In quick succession fly.

The gentle primrose on the sunny bank
Shows its mild face and straightway disappears,
Though Nature's grandest prospects smile around,
Onward and onward the heedless train careers.

So flee the hasty years of life away.
How short, my child, appears the fleeting space
Since first these anxious eyes of mine beheld
Thy fragile infant form and baby face !

And when a few more months or years are gone,
White hairs will cluster on thy Father's brow,
And thy dear Mother's face and forehead fair
Must lose the charm that rests upon them now.

Cherish the precious moments as they pass ;
With knowledge and best wisdom store thy mind.
Thy first bright, happy hours of childhood wane,
And few are those which yet remain behind.

Soon will thy place be by thy Mother's side,
Her arduous toils to mitigate and share ;
And thine the pleasing task at morn and eve
To prompt thy infant Sister's earliest prayer.

That Mother, as with grateful mind she sees
Her heart's best treasures grow beneath her eye,
Shall contemplate with faith the approaching day
When she shall clasp once more her lost one in the
sky.

TO EMILY.

THY happiest days of innocence and youth
Roll swiftly by, and life's unholy cares
Shall throw their sickening weight upon thee soon—
That heavy load which every mortal bears !
What matters it ? in cheerfulness and hope
Let us go onward—life at best is short,
And if the Western clouds are robed in light
When our brief sun is ready to depart,
That will be best of all. While health and strength
Attend thy steps, the narrow pathway tread,
Nor fear at last that unforgiven sins
Shall cast their awful shadows round thy bed,
But well remember'd forms now clothed in white
Shall wait thee in that land of pure delight.

LINES WRITTEN AT HASTINGS.

I HEAR the midnight pastime of the winds
 And the loud uproar of the restless sea,—
 Musing on His stupendous power who binds
 Both winds and waves to His supreme decree.
 Man and man's work in mute oblivion lie,
 But God in all His terrors may be heard
 Lifting the eternal billows to the sky ;
 And the loud blast re-echoes to His word.
 When shall the immortal spirit He has given,
 Freed from "the gross impediments of clay,"
 Attend His midnight pathway through the Heavens,
 And all the secrets of His power survey,
 And, with the heavenly host, His tasks fulfil
 As "ministers of His, that do His will?"

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD "BLIND
 HOUSE," TROWBRIDGE, BY
 "BILL SYKES."

A LAS! and will those hospitable doors
 Expand no more? Shall I no more be led
 By the stern guardians of the night, when pours
 The pelting storm, to that luxurious bed?

No more the silver waters of the Biss
 Shall lull my aching senses to repose,
 And cause me to forget, in dreams of bliss,
 The darken'd eye or the disjointed nose.
 Ye friendly rats, whose cheerful gambols oft
 Dispell'd those airy visions! never more
 My burning cheek shall feel your footsteps soft
 Urge the swift chase along the mouldy floor!
 My feelings quite o'erpower me, and in short
 I'll move towards the "Bear," and have a quart.

* * * * *

Lectures! who cares for lectures! 'faith I get
 Enough from Mrs. Sykes to need no more:
 Lectures be hang'd! that drop of heavy wet
 I got last night has book'd me for a score.
 He must be jolly green who sixpence pays
 To hear some fellow prate about the moon,
 While he might spend it in so many ways
 To do him good, and keep himself in tune.
 Sixpence will buy a draught of ale—beside
 A herring, a black pudding, and a screw
 Of genuine baccy; therefore I decide
 On these, and leave old Jupiter to you.
 The Milky Way with milksops may agree,
 But Mandry's very best suits best for me.

SONNET.

BRADFORD and quiet Melksham proudly boast
Their sandy Avon, the usurped name
Of that far nobler stream from coast to coast
Ever identified with Shakespeare's fame.
Poor Biss! though odious in our neighbours' eyes,
Yet with some exaltation may we view
The busy factories on thy banks which rise,
Showing what brains and industry can do.
Though Nature may her bounteous aid deny,
Ye who drink deeper of her partial cup,
At our dull stream, as it rolls darkly by,
Think, ere ye turn your scornful noses up,
How useless all the blessings she commands
Bestow'd on shallow heads and idle hands.

SONNET.

THE Floral Festival has pass'd away ;
Its flowery garlands wither on the ground ;
Farewell to idleness and holiday
Till circling Time brings merry Christmas round.
Now for a few bright weeks to gather safe
Earth's golden fruits ; then may the autumnal breeze
Sing the last requiem of the dying year,
And strip the yellow foliage from the trees.

Then the long evening and the social fire ;
 The world shut out, and all its cares forgot,
 And those delightful books which never tire—
 Cowper and Shakespeare, Campbell, Crabbe and
 Scott.

Meanwhile, without, the friendly torrents pour
 To keep unwish'd disturbers from the door.

“NOT TO-DAY.”

AUGUST 24TH, 1853.

NO—not to-day ! O'er the green paths of Earth
 Fall the thick dews of evening fast and deep:
 No, not to-day ! To brighter scenes I lift
 My clasped hands, and long for dreamless sleep.
 Father on earth, farewell ! to Him in Heaven
 Turns thy worn lamb,—yet lift me up once more
 In thy strong arms, and bear me to and fro
 With gentle step, across our household floor.
 No, not to-day ! Nor evermore below
 Shall yon green landscape greet thy Emma's eyes.
 She goes where pain and sorrow are unknown ;
 And angels wait around to bear her to the skies.

* * * * *

Mother, dear mother ! for a few short years
 We part ; and though I come to thee no more,
 My voice shall be the very first to greet
 Thy glad arrival on that peaceful shore.

Through the long hours of many a restless night
 How often hast thou soothed thy darling's woes,
 And with unwearied kindness watch'd and wept
 Till in the east the welcome morning rose !
 Ah ! now for me a brighter morning dawns.
 Mother, dear mother ! wipe those falling tears :
 This world is not our home, nor wouldst thou wish
 To see fell sickness blight my future years.
 Ye happy household voices ! let me hear
 Your welcome tones again, but soft and low.
 Brother and sisters dear ! of all our band
 God calls me first, and cheerfully I go :
 I go ! may long and happy years be yours ;
 But oh ! forget me not, nor fail at last
 To meet me in that better home above
 When "the long Sabbath of the tomb is past."

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE BRADLEY
 TEA PARTY.

Scene.—Fore Street, Trowbridge.

SOMETHING is in the wind ; see where he goes,
 Behind that fine Augustine length of nose—
 The stately Philip, whose majestic stride
 Places him soon friend Diplock's door beside,
 Who waits him there, with apprehensive eye
 Glancing aloft upon the threat'ning sky ;

Then both with handsome Paine and Felix gay
Exchange fraternal nods across the way.
All in their Sunday finery appear ;—
All onwards in the same direction steer.
Something is in the wind ;—see where they go
From east to west in one continuous flow.
Now Ebenezer with his twinkling eye,
And now the important Allein rushes by ;
Hanks, Angel, Marshman, men of sterling mind—
Intellect and solemnity combined
Grace each refulgent brow ;—with numbers more
Whom but to know were almost to adore.
Now Stephen comes : that honest limb of law,
With eyes all spectacles, and face all jaw,
With condescending recognition bends,
And greets from right to left his “ Kwistian fwends.”
Now, last of all, through the deserted town
The worthy Chairman's carriage rumbles down ;
He sits aloft,—aloft, in smirking pride
Enthron'd, sits Brother Woodward by his side.
They're gone ; the streets to darkness are consign'd,
They're gone—oh, what a blank is left behind !

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE BRADLEY
TEA PARTY.

[*A Picture of the past, taken since 1662,—not extracted
from the "Church Books."*]

"A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhine on the Danube, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South." MILTON.

Scene.—Fore Street, Trowbridge.

SOMETHING is in the wind ;—see where he goes,
Behind that fine Augustine length of nose,
The stately Philip, whose majestic stride
Places him soon friend Albion's door beside,
Who waits him there, with apprehensive eye
Glancing aloft upon the threat'ning sky ;
Then both with handsome Joy and Felix gay
Exchange fraternal nods across the way.
All in their Sunday toggerie appear ;—
All onwards in the same direction steer.
Something is in the wind ;—see where they go
From east to west in one continuous flow.
Now Ebenezer, with his twinkling eye,
And now the important Allein rushes by
(His choker white with musk besprinkled well,
To purge his reverend face from factory smell) ;
Piecrust and Threadball, men of sterling mind—

Intellect and solemnity combined
Grace each refulgent brow—their logic deep
Hath sent full many a soul to sleep ;
And from deal pulpit, on the Sabbath morn,
Hath scared the swallows from the neighb'ring barn.
And now, with upturn'd eyes, the noodles go
Their poison'd shafts at Mother Church to throw,
Who ever sits secure, "nor heeds them more
Than the tall rock when *frothy* billows roar."
They pass, but still the human tide rolls on,
For from the sky the threat'ning clouds are gone ;
Now other pastors come—yea, numbers more
Whom but to know were almost to adore—
Among the rest, yon honest limb of law
Grasps with delight a passing sister's paw,
Nor, were the season fitting, would he miss
From those pure lips to snatch a holy kiss :
Then round with bland acknowledgments he bends,
And greets from right to left his " Kwistian Fwends."
Now, last of all, through the deserted town
The worthy Chairman's carriage rumbles down,
Who sits aloft,—and there, in smirking pride
Enthron'd, sits Brother Scrapechin by his side.
They're gone ; the streets, to solitude resign'd,
Re-echo—What a blank is left behind !

JULY 28TH, 1857. AT READING.

ANOTHER tiresome journey nearly done,
 One dark night only 'twixt my home and me.
 Bright is the foreground, so the scale of life
 Vibrates from side to side incessantly ;
 The morning that on me so fairly dawns,
 In thickest gloom shall veil poor Alfred's eyes ;
 Mother and sisters he must bid farewell,
 And travel schoolwards o'er the Bridge of Sighs.
 Such is man's destiny ! A smile to-day,
 A tear to-morrow—so life's journey runs ;
 And as the fathers toil and hope and fear,
 Even so must strive and hope and fear the sons.
 Grant us, O God, a better state at last
 When this unsatisfactory one is past.

* * * * *

E'EN with such sudden fragrance day by day,
 Increasing still as seasons pass away,
 Comes o'er my mind, from memory's silent bowers,
 The sweet remembrance of those Christmas hours
 Spent in thy noble church, O favour'd Frome !
 In days of worldliness and nights of gloom,
 Breathing a chasten'd calmness o'er the heart
 Memories of earthly joys can ne'er impart.

T

Oft, mid the busy scenes of toil and care,
When the worn spirit pants for purer air,
I close my eyes and ears to all around,
And the deep organ's rich melodious sound
Floats by me on the breeze—in white attire,
I see the solemn priests and white-robed choir.
At sights and sounds like these, Faith's upward eye
Looks through the mists which veil futurity.
No tongue can tell, no human heart conceive,
The dread magnificence, which we believe
Awaits that hour, when countless hosts shall throng,
Clad in white robes, and swell the eternal song
Before the Throne.

* * * * *

In this frail state of being, be it mine
To help and strengthen every good design,
By welcoming those aids the Church supplies
To elevate our thoughts, and train us for the skies.
Poor is the noblest worship we can give
To Him man cannot look upon, and live ;
But let us with the best we can draw nigh
His earthly Temple and his altar high.
For us, O thought of bliss ! a Saviour died,
For us the Eternal bowed His head, and cried,
" 'Tis done ! " O Holy Cross, when I despise
Thy sacred symbol, nor its lesson prize,
Be my right hand of all its might unstrung,
And in eternal silence seal'd my tongue.

In these dark days of reason man requires
External aid to fan the inward fires
Of faith and love—for not with tongues of flame,
Or with a rushing wind, as once He came,
Comes now the Eternal Spirit, to impart
Light, instantaneous, to the kindling heart ;
But through appointed channels Grace is given
E'en as the evening dew descends from heaven.

MARCH 31ST, 1858.

U NWEENING of calamity they come,
At home to spend the happy Easter days,
Nor know that danger lurks behind the scene
To darken all their days in terror and amaze.

MAY, 1858. TO MY BROTHER.

Y ES, thou hast bought the steed—but ah ! poor
friend,
Most unavailing will the purchase be ;
The time is past when that or aught beside
Can bring back health or hope, or chance for life
for thee.

JULY, 1858.

ALMIGHTY GOD! with influence benign
Assuage these gloomy feelings which oppress
This anxious, unconfiding heart of mine,
This overwhelming sense of loneliness
Which hangs upon my spirit like a cloud
Of midnight darkness. Art not Thou the same,
Though this frail body owns Thy presence not;
Thou who didst once appear in robes of flame,
Make this dark mind with forward glance to scan
The mighty future, when these earthly ties
And earthbound sympathies shall perish all,
And bid the spirit in his might arise,
And to its weak and frail companion say,
"Go boldly forward, yonder lies thy way!"

JULY, 1858.

WELCOME, old smoky town of ours,
Station, Blindhouse, Steeple—all,
Hiss if ye dare, ye naughty girls.
Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,
I love to breathe my native air.
See what long hearty sniffs I take,
Ah, there's the dear old-fashion'd house,
Look, Polly, read!—Well, what? Why, "Blake!"

AUGUST, 1858.

ON STAFFORD CASTLE.

TIME speeds away—for years have pass'd
Since in those antique towers we stay'd
One calm and happy afternoon,
And from its top survey'd
Autumn's brown fields and fertile plains ;
Th' old-fashion'd town—the landscape fair,—
And heard strange tales of other times
Told by that ancient pair.
Perhaps we never more may climb
That green ascent we trod before,
But the memory of those pleasant scenes
Shall live for evermore.

OCTOBER, 1858.

POOR Leader's gone—I knew that he must go,
That I must follow him I likewise know.
Yet still the beaten paths of life I trace
With the same anxious and unwearied pace.
Too oft forgetful that they all must end
At that dark bourne to which I daily tend.

ON HEARING THE
REVEREND ANGELL JAMES PREACH.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

WORTHY old man, perchance I ne'er
May listen to thy voice again ;
Were I as fit as thee to leave
This world of labour, vice, and pain,
One hour beyond the appointed time
I would not covet to remain.

DECEMBER, 1858.

DOVER.

YE loud and unseen waves, whose ceaseless roar
Beats day and night against this pebbly shore,
Not less the human heart His power requires
To check the current of its wild desires,
Than when His mighty voice arrests thy flow,
"These are thy bounds—thou shalt no further go."

SPLENDID POEM, COMPOSED BETWEEN
LIVERPOOL AND LEEDS.

DECEMBER, 1858.

A MORN of travel through fair rural scenes—
Through smiling fields, through shocks of
 ripen'd grain !
By village green, by small sequester'd lake,—

I watch old Autumn stealing back again.
 From the loud uproar of that noisy port,
 Foul and unclean, how welcome this relief;
 But the train hurries through these healthy plains,
 And this, like all bright visions, will be brief.
 Already, where the blue horizon bounds
 The azure heavens, yon canopy of smoke
 Tells we are hastening where the chimneys tall
 Throw over nature a sulphureous cloak.
 Vanish the fields—the dirty street succeeds—
 The noisy station-porter bawls out, “Leeds.”

JULY, 1859.

ON his last legs still totters Trowbridge Fair,
 Powell and Lismore once were household
 words,
 But the same tide of Time which swept away
 Pompey and Cæsar, and the later herds
 Of names illustrious, now has settled *them*.
 Once we had rustic wit—fools have we now,
 None can dispute their title to the name;
 If jokes as old as Alexander’s fame
 Demand applause, applause we must allow.

Greece conquer’d Troy, and Rome supplanted Greece;
 So, fresh in youth and radiant as the morn,
 Our Floral Saturnalia, brisk and spruce,
 Trips up the poor old Fair, and cooks her goose.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, TROWBRIDGE.

A H ! poor St. Stephen's ! Could that holy man
 Whose name thou bearest to this world of pain
 Once more return and thy appearance scan,
 The sight would well nigh martyr him again.—
 Would that some Churchman worthy of the name
 Might speed the noble work, so well begun,
 By bidding thee put off that hideous shape,
 And making thee an object, which the sun
 Could look upon nor blush—then youthful minds
 Might reverence God's House—scenes best forgot
 Might from men's memories quickly fade away,
 Which linger yet, and desecrate the spot—
 Scenes happily for ever past and ended,
 Of which "the least said is the soonest mended."

IN MEMORIAM.

I F public duties cheerfully performed ;
 If a long life of honourable toil
 In commerce pass'd (old England's wealth and
 pride) ;
 If firm devotion to his native soil
 And to that ancient Pile, whose slender spire
 Points silently from a deserted home
 To those celestial seats of rest and peace,
 Where the loud wail of parting cannot come ;

If industry and sound integrity ;
 If a long course unblemish'd and erect ;
 If simple manners—pure benevolence
 Silent, though vast ;—if these demand respect,
 Then let us in consistent grief deplore
 With general voice him we shall see no more.

JULY 8TH, 1859.

MY little Dick " begs mournfully to say,
 His maiden sale takes place some future day,
 Of which due notice will be given—he feels
 Unable to express, and so conceals,
 The gratitude he bears beyond all price
 Those " influential friends," at whose advice
 Pa purchased him a hammer—for the great
 And mighty efforts which they daily make
 On his behalf—and weep that they miscarry,
 Because, alas ! he wishes much to marry,
 And Pa and sisters do not care a pin,
 But say, " Wait, Richard, till the sales come in."

SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1860.

HE'S a man, he's a man, every inch he's a man,
 Hurrah for our little friend Dick !
 Well, this shows we ne'er must to appearances trust,
 Who could think he'd have proved such a brick !

U

His sisters had kiss'd him and comb'd out his hair,
 Pa had placed him upon his right knee,
 Till he seem'd liker far to another Miss Tarr
 Than the man he has turn'd out to be.

The breed of so noble, so gallant a race,
 Then we well may Napoleon defy,
 When he hears the grand news, won't he shake in his
 shoes!—
 Send it over, friend Lansdowne, and try.

SONNET.

"Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way ;
 Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
 Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade ;
 Soon as the morn the purple orient warms
 Fierce on yon navy will be pour'd our arms,
 Or rather, instant rush into the field,
 And match what glory life's short harvests yield."

Iliad, book 18.

TURN thee, great Lady, from the perilous gloom
 Resulting from thy vast and sudden loss,
 And like a Queen thy regal state assume ;
 Arise, anointed servant of the cross,
 And take the cup of vengeance in thine hand ;
 Send Britain's thunder o'er the Atlantic wave,
 To clothe in flame the infatuated land
 Which God and all good angels scorn to save.

Till the degenerate brethren of our race,
Stung by the sharp scourge of relentless war,
From their false veins shall purge the venom base
Of foul hypocrisy, and banish far
From the green shores wash'd by the western main
Their many-headed tyrant's boastful reign.

OLD NOLL.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO LICHFIELD
CATHEDRAL.

DOWN to his grave, in horrible despair,
Went blood-stain'd Cromwell, slayer of his
King ;
Our old cathedral shrines and minsters fair
Against him their perpetual witness bring,
And to all generations brand his name
With spoliation, sacrilege, and theft.
And be his memory dedicate to shame,
While English faith and loyalty are left
In English hearts ;—though smooth historians seek
To gild his prosperous career of crime
With their new lights, stern truth shall ever speak
His character to all succeeding time,
And name him as a nuisance and a pest—
Spite of Macaulay, Carlyle, and the rest.

THOUGHTS ON THE PROPOSED COM-
MEMORATION OF 1662.

"For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace."—1 Cor. 14-33.

IF schism be a virtue in the sight
Of our Great Father, of acceptance sure ;
If He whose equal hand bade day and night
Keep their appointed place, in course secure ;
If He who through the boundless fields of space,
And "the round ocean and the living air,"
Rules with unvarying laws from age to age ;
If heaven to earth, and earth to heaven declare
One perfect whole ; and yet, with favouring eye,
Their Maker and Sustainer can survey
Strife and disunion lift their heads on high ;
If such be possible, we safely may
Build Babels, to perpetuate wrath and hate,
And post up "Deo Sacrum" o'er the gate.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO
NEWSTOKE CHURCH, SOMERSET.

CALM, peaceful spot ! till life's last parting day,
May thy remembrance never fade away !
Oft when the city's noisy paths I tread,
From wearing sights and sounds I turn my head,

And with an earnest effort strive to gain
One mental glance, at those sweet scenes again ;
'Mid the deep stillness of the sabbath air
I see them gathering to the house of prayer ;
From Worle's high woods, which overlook the deep,
Along the shady footpath soft, but steep,
And from the distant vale I see them come
With joyful footsteps to their Father's home.
Oh, let me oft those pleasant scenes recall !
Would I could paint them as I felt them all !—
The dark green fields, that barren coast beside,
With distant Clevedon, gleaming o'er the tide ;
The bell's clear call vibrating through the lea,
The gentle murmur of the neighbouring sea ;
Then, as we draw towards the time-worn pile,
The sun bursts forth, and gilds with sudden smile
The Cambrian Hills, while on the waters play
Long lines of silver from each level ray.

Calm and refreshing feelings o'er me came,
When first I bent within that humble fane,
And, glancing round, with thankful joy survey'd
Those rustic groups in crowded ranks array'd.
From yon gay town, where pleasure's minions reign,
How great the contrast, how complete the change !
They came not here for fashion or display,
To sport the haughty glance, the plumage gay,
But humbly at their Maker's feet to fall,
And supplicate His grace Who died for all.

And when the village priest, with solemn look
And reverent gesture, opes the Holy Book,
Just as a father, with affection stored,
Beholds his olive branches round his board,
So on his flock the white-hair'd man look'd down,
His present comfort, and his future crown.

Oh ! would that every village on our coast
Could such a zealous, faithful pastor boast ;
Them with no doubtful doctrines he perplex'd,
No new solution of some well-known text,
But plain and simple were the truths he spake,
Such as on simple hearts impression make ;
Clearly their earthly duties he defined :
Then far from earth he led the aspiring mind,
" First taught them how to live," and then in high
Impassion'd language, " taught them how to die."
And when the lingering benediction o'er,
My ears could hear that hallow'd voice no more,
I thought how happy in this valley deep,
This faithful shepherd and attentive sheep !
Vex'd by no schism, by no frenzy led,
New guides to follow, or new paths to tread ;
For them, from time to time, the anointed priest
Spreads the rich board, and shares the sacred feast,
Still points them onwards, " chides each dull delay,
Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."
A wretch is he, and traitor to his kind,
Who vends polluting trash, to soil the mind,

In youthful hearts the seeds of sins to sow,
Which of themselves, alas ! too freely grow.
More dangerous far than Gallia's sword or lance
Are those vile tales, the filth and scum of France,
Which, in diluted portions, weekly flow
Through English homes, and poison as they go.
But, ah ! a deadlier foe our land invades
Because a saintly mask his visage shades ;
He cries, "Lord ! Lord !" but does the work of
 hell,
And in that fearful service labours well.
He that would, like the Roundhead knaves of old,
Expel the faithful shepherd from the fold,
And from a thousand rural districts send
The poor man's stay, and counsellor, and friend ;
He that from year to year, with steadfast hand,
Works to unchristianize his native land,
Is he not Satan's tool, although he claim,
Fair liberty, thy prostituted name ?
Thou canting liberator, to thy face
Do I denounce thee foeman to thy race ;
More noxious to thy species far, than they,—
The noisy sceptic and blasphemer grey.
In town and city, Zion's towers would stand,
Although the State withdraw her fostering hand,
But could these scattered cottagers provide
The well-taught teacher, the experienced guide ?
No ! for God works by means, and He decrees,
"Withhold the cause, and the effect will cease."

From age to age, our land has perill'd been,
Far less by foes without, than foes within ;
And, by His blessing, " naught shall us rue
If England to herself do rest but true."

AUGUST 4TH, 1862.

HERE let us stand awhile, and gaze around ;
This is the centre of our smoky town.
And there the rosy landlord of the George,
Bustling and blithe, as Vulcan at the forge,
The very lustre of his oval face
Shines like a moonbeam o'er the market-place,
And his bald presence glares with brighter flame
Than his new front, or freshly gilded name.
Then, turning to his churchway-path, appears
The oft-named Walker, venerable in years,
But blithe of aspect, and at heart as gay
As ere those eyes were dim, those locks were grey.
A little farther on, I see advance,
Mirth in his face, and mischief in his glance,
The loyal Chronicle, who curls his lip
To see the Tiger o'er the pavement trip,
And hails his rival with triumphant shout,
Who wildly rolls his ill-match'd eyes about.

h

SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1862.

THE PIOUS BUTCHER'S PERPLEXITY ; OR, WHERE
SHALL I SPEND TUESDAY AFTERNOON ?

WHICH shall it be ? lie still, thou beating heart,
And let me coolly look on either part.
The spirit for the social meeting pines,
But to the market-house the flesh inclines.
The spirit points to Bradley's green retreat,
The crowded school-room, the communion sweet
Of kindred minds, and bids me calmly trace
The choice attractions of that charming place ;
The dear good man who occupies the chair,
With Wood and Cambrian Probert will be there,
While numerous lesser orbs about them run,
Just as the planets circle round the sun ;
The fragrant hyson, and the melting hymn,
The chorus loud, convulsing every limb,
Repeated, till perspiring hosts repair
To the near graveyard, for its cooling air.
And says the Spirit, " Canst thou basely spurn
These pure delights, and from thy brethren turn ? "
To which the Flesh rejoins, " Friend, why so warm ?
Man has his public duties to perform.
Oft hast thou been to Bradley fair before,
(Akin to Burns's Holy Fair of yore,)

And thou may'st live that pilgrimage to go
 Another year, but never shalt thou know
 If thou, with vile ingratitude, despise
 To celebrate this costly enterprise,
 Another opportunity to lift
 Thy humble voice to welcome such a gift.
 Then go, and with a thankful heart partake
 Things more substantial far than tea or cake ;
 Nor dread that Sunday's text my reference bear
 To Egypt's fleshpots, or to Gentile fare."

What shall I do? I'm puzzled as a dunce.
 I think, though, I'll jilt Bethel just this once.
 But to make matters with my conscience right,
 I'll go with Jane to chapel Wednesday night.

POOLE, AUGUST 1864.

THE WOOLLEN ARISTOCRACY OF YORKSHIRE.

GRANDPAPA was a barber, and Mamma
 At the King's Head was chambermaid when
 young ;
 Aunt Sarah was transported, and, alas !
 Poor Uncle Tom at Lancaster was hung ;
 Pa went to Huddersfield, and dealt in waste ;
 Then join'd Esq. Duncalf in the shoddy trade ;

The Deildust Mills for fifteen years they work'd,
Fail'd twice, but in the end their fortunes made.
Though sister Kate and I went late to school,
We now are both accomplish'd and genteel,
And have a high position to maintain—
New spheres to seek,—old bygones to conceal ;
To patronize the County Ball at Christmas,
And keep low folks and tradesmen at a distance.

SOUTH COAST, JUNE, 1867.

HIDE me, oh ! hide me from myself !
Let not the hideous vision glare
Upon me at the Sabbath morn,
Or at the evening hour of prayer.

But chiefly in Thy temple, Lord,
When kneeling at that feast of thine,
With trembling hand and lips unclean
I touch and taste that food divine.

Then hide me from myself, and give
To these worn eyes instead to see
One look of pardon from my God,
One glance of love from Calvary.

Great was my hope, and small my fear,
That vile desires, subdued so long,
Should ever in my breast awake,
And do my gracious Lord such wrong.

Surely, I thought, henceforth from me
The bitterness of sin is past,
And, pure and bright, Life's onward strain
Shall flow untainted to the last.

When suddenly unfear'd, unsought,
Again the old temptation came.
My Father, at Thy feet I fall,
Prostrate in agony and shame !

Hide me ! oh, hide me from myself !
And to my stricken soul afford
One ray of love from Calvary.
Pardon, oh ! pardon me, my Lord !

DEATH. MAY, 1874.

WHEN that most sure and certain hour is here,
Let me not turn my face unto the wall,
Trembling with doubts, and agonized with fear ;
But on my dark'ning sight may visions fall

Of dear familiar forms. Let Snowdon send
One parting glance, and Skiddaw's snow-crown'd
heights
All indistinctly with Mount Calvary blend
Before my mortal eye. Let eve's soft light
Rekindle Tintern's pile. Each after each,—
Like Banquo's shapes,—meadow, and grove, and
stream,
Sacred of yore, in long perspective, reach,
To the last boundary of Life's fading dream.
O may God's voice but whisper to me then
"Fear not,—all these thou shalt behold again."

CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

1111

